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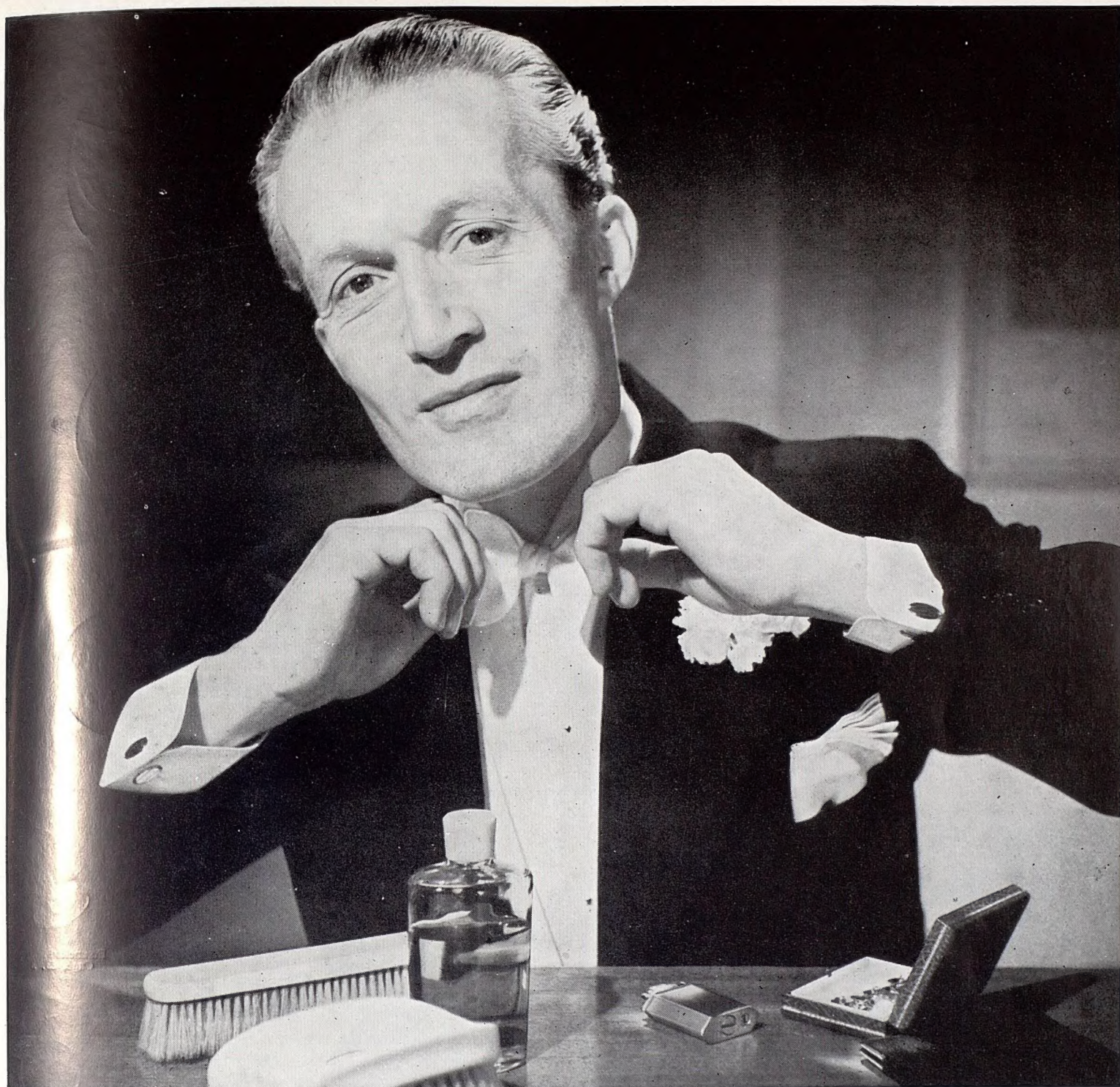
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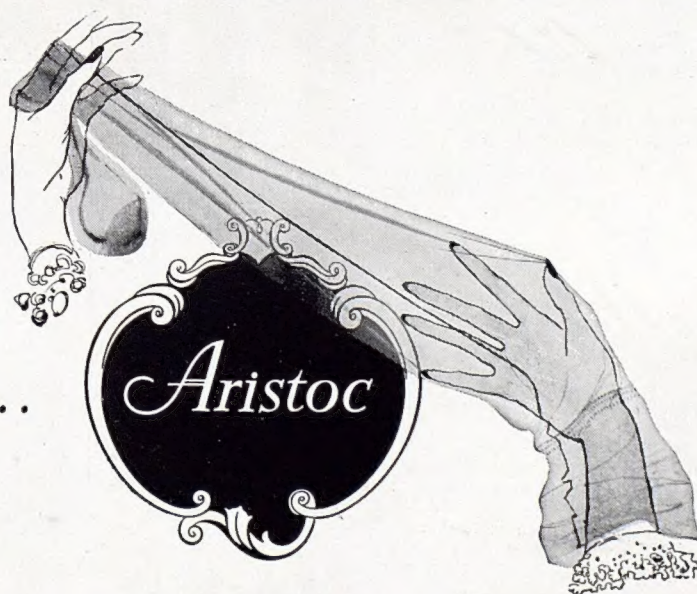
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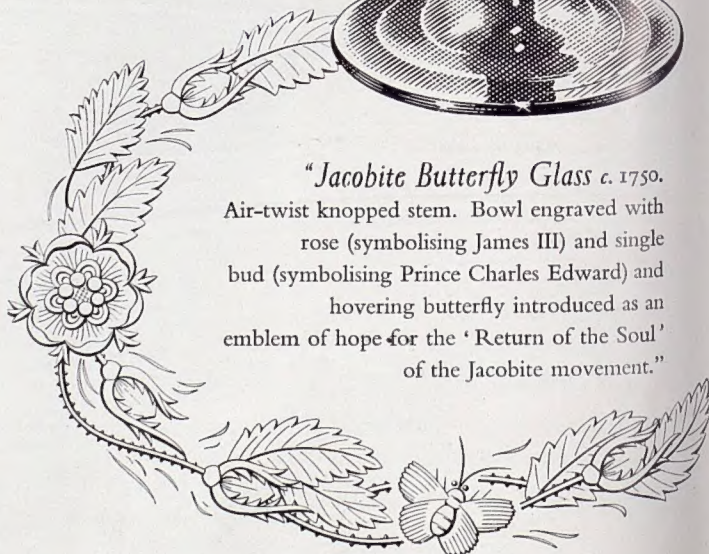
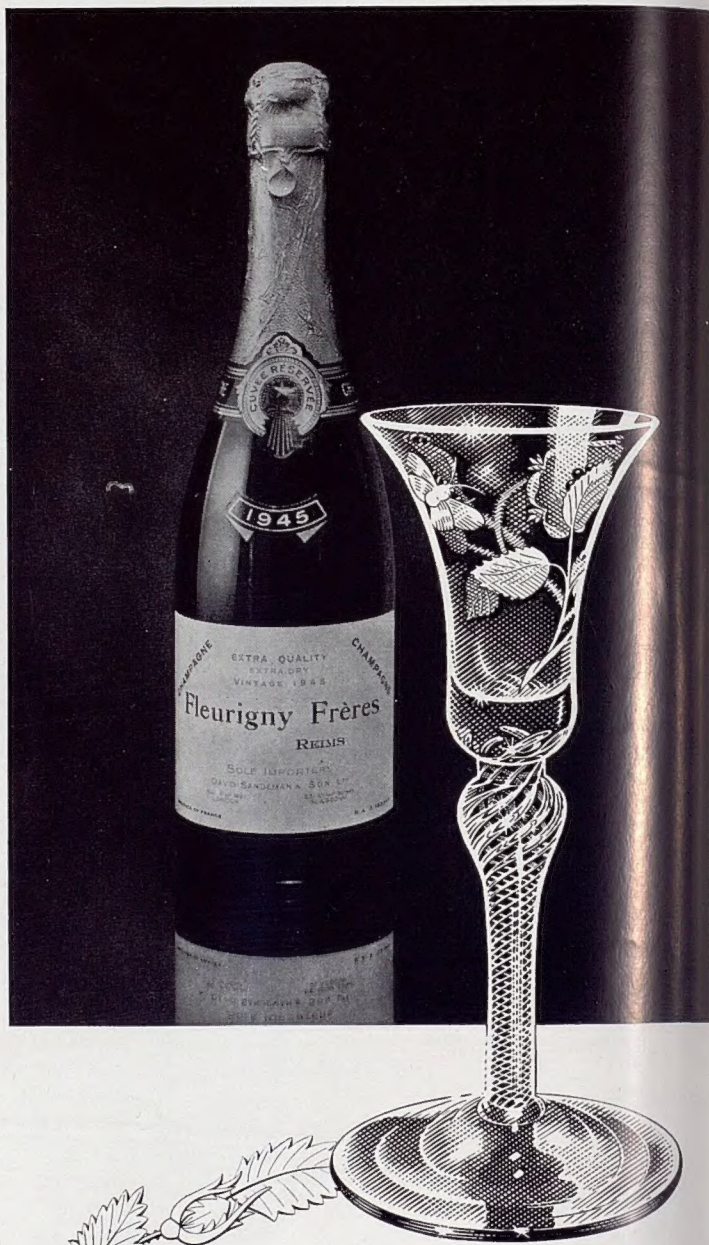
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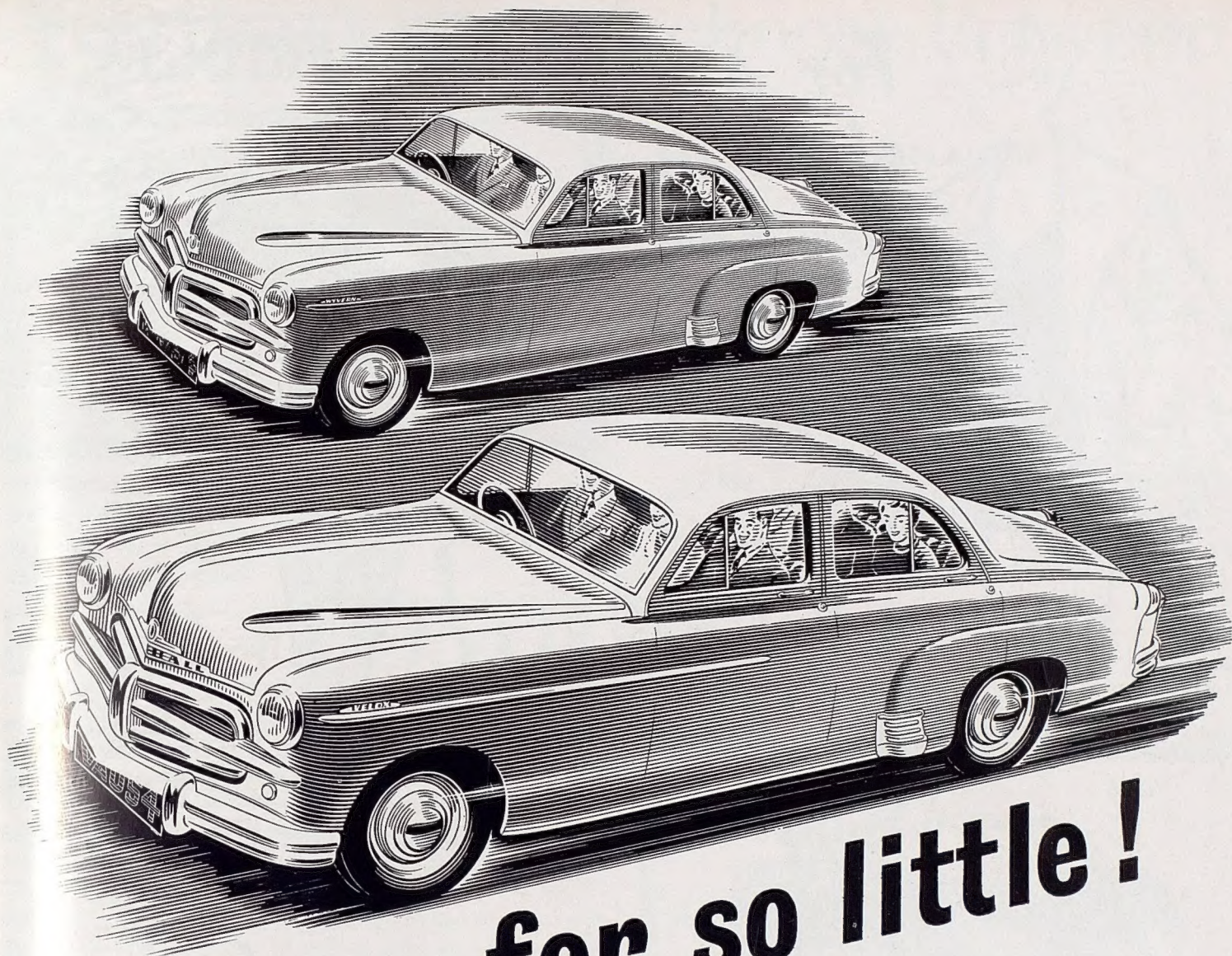
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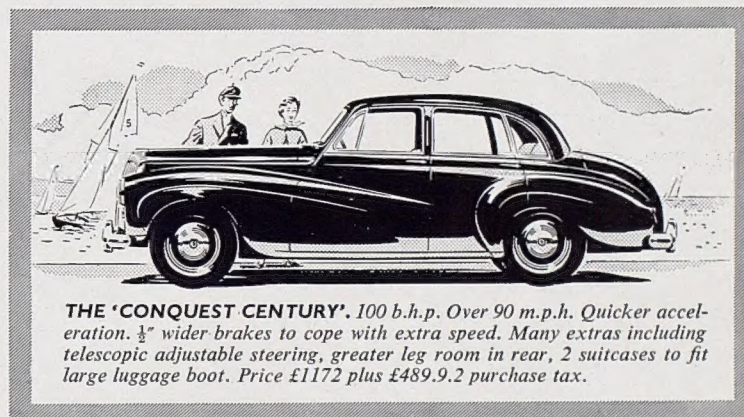
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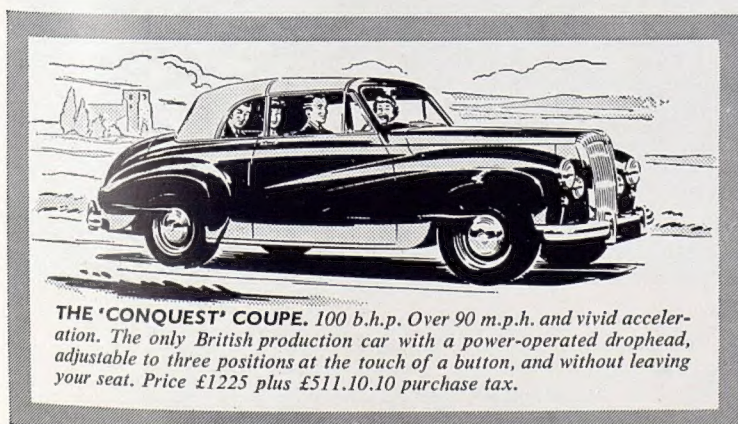
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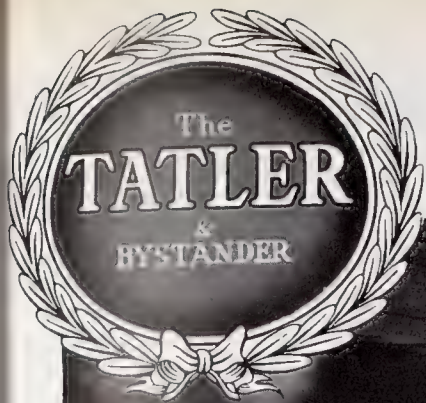
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APRIL 28
1954

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THE HAPPY PROLOGUE TO A STATE VOYAGE

AS Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother set off from Clarence House on the opening stage of the journey with the Royal children to join the Britannia at Portsmouth, the journey became a procession of triumph. Cheering crowds lined the route, and their sentiments were warmly reciprocated both by the Queen Mother and her grandchildren, resulting in one of the most charming Royal photographs ever taken. More pictures will be found overleaf

TWO VERY YOUNG PEOPLE EMBARK FOR OVERSEAS

WHEN Prince Charles and Princess Anne travelled to Portsmouth to join the Royal yacht Britannia, in which they are sailing to Tobruk to meet their parents, the occasion became a singularly happy one as between the nation and the Royal Family. On reaching the deck of the Britannia the Royal children charmed everyone with their lively interest in their new surroundings, and their free expression of the emotions inseparable from a farewell



A complex movement of dockyard traffic catches the eye of Princess Anne, but her brother ponders on a piece of deck gear with fascinating possibilities. They are standing on the special platform built round their cabin



Sailing time draws near, hooters sound. Princess Anne has a short break from the business of saying goodbye, while the Prince waves vigorously enough for two



The Princess returns to urge her brother on as he continues to wave to his grandmother and aunt. Who said it wasn't a great life on shipboard?



Interesting diversions are constantly happening—you need eyes everywhere to keep track of them. What on earth can that man be doing up there? He's going higher and higher



Off at last. Look at that water, getting wider and wider, and Grandmother farther away every second. Oh do look, sister. It's a great life, but there are moments . . .

Social Journal

Jennifer

Wedding In Tune With April

AN outstandingly happy and beautiful wedding united two leading naval and military families. This marriage took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, when Lt. Peter Troubridge, R.N., eldest son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge and of Lady Troubridge, married Miss Venetia Weeks, younger daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks.

The bride, who looked radiant, was given away by her father and wore a dress of cream slipper satin with a full skirt and train. Her family veil of old Brussels lace was mounted on tulle and held in place by a headdress covered with lilies of the valley. There were two small pages, Anthony Guinness and Michael Parker, cousins of the bridegroom, who wore white sailor suits.

Behind them came five grown-up bridesmaids: the bride's pretty sister Miss Pamela Weeks, the bridegroom's sister Miss June Troubridge, his cousins Miss Lindy Renner and Miss Jennifer Parker, and Miss Judy Rutherford. They wore charming long-sleeved dresses of parchment-coloured taffeta, with wreaths of mixed flowers. Lt. Edward Troubridge who is in the Royal Marines was best man to his brother.

The service was conducted by the Bishop of Rochester assisted by the Rev. W. A. Simmonds and the Rev. C. Trevelyan. Maj.-Gen. C. A. L. Dunphie very kindly organized the eighteen ushers, who carried out their duties most efficiently, seating more than six hundred guests. The bride's half-brother, Capt. Ewan Cumming, was among the ushers with Mr. Alistair Tower, Mr. Donald Scott, and Mr. Rob Tillard, who is a neighbour of the bride's family in Sussex. As the young couple left the church, a Royal Naval guard of honour awaited them.

THE reception was held at Stanhope Gate where Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, the latter in a deep blue taffeta dress with a little pink cap and long pink gloves, received the guests with the bridegroom's mother Lady Troubridge, who was in hyacinth blue, and Lt. Edward Troubridge. Happily it was a warm spring day so that guests were able to stroll out on to the roof garden and ease the congestion in the ballroom.

Among those who came to the wedding were the High Commissioner for South Africa and Mrs. Geyer, The Irish Ambassador and Mrs. Boland, Viscount and Viscountess Knollys and their daughter the Hon. Ardine Knollys, Lord and Lady Leathers and the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Kindersley. Relatives I saw included the bridegroom's cousins Sir St. Vincent and Lady Troubridge, and the bride's cousins Mr. and Mrs. Alan Pilkington and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Pilkington.

Mrs. Victor Seely, wearing a very gay little cap made like a shaded malmalson, came with her stepdaughter and daughter, Victoria and Alexandra Seely. On the roof garden I met the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, Lady Jaffray who brought her schoolgirl daughter Annette Worsley, and Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie and their pretty daughter Felicity. They were talking to Sir Norman and Lady Vernon and Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Geoffrey Barnard who are going to Washington in July when he is to take up an appointment there. Other naval friends at the wedding included the Third Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards, with Lady Edwards, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algernon Willis.

YOUNG marrieds I met there included the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Balfour who were married last year and are now happily settled in their London home, the Hon. Edmund and Mrs. Ironside, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker, the latter in a brilliant emerald green coat and small black hat, and Major Gilbert Monckton and his charming wife, who was in black with a little natural straw

cap. He has now got an appointment at the War Office and they had come up from their home in Kent.

Among the many guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Munro Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Sir Humphrey and Lady Gale, Lady Joanna Lambart, Lord and Lady Dunboyne, Lady Coryton, the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stewart-Browne, Sir Frank and Lady Mary Naylor and Lady Russell Vick, whose husband Sir Godfrey Russell Vick, the brilliant Q.C., proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom with a very witty speech.

The young couple left later to fly down to the South of France, where they have been lent a villa to spend their honeymoon.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE she left for America, Lady Irene Astor, the chairman, had a committee meeting at her home to discuss plans for the garden party which is to take place at The Holme, Regent's Park, by the generosity of the Principal and Council of Bedford College, on July 14. This is being organized to raise funds for that very deserving cause, the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, in which Lady Irene takes the keenest interest and for which she works hard throughout the year. Not only does she help financially and give much of her time, but she also encourages others to do something for these children who have to make their way through life with the great handicap of blindness.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks is Lady Irene's vice-chairman, and members of the committee at the meeting, who are taking an active part in organizing the sideshows and stalls at the party, included her sister Lady Victoria Scott, Mrs. Diana Daly, the Countess Jellicoe, Lady Caroline Waterhouse, Lady Buckhurst, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Russell, looking very well after her visit to the Bahamas to stay with her mother Lady Baillie, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Wood and Lady Swinfen.

Note the date, July 14, in your diary, as this will be a very amusing afternoon for children. Lady

(Continued overleaf)



To her niece and nephew, Princess Margaret wishes "God Speed," until the Britannia is too far away to distinguish them

In the fresh Solent breeze the Queen Mother waves to her grandchildren as they set off on their first important voyage



Lt. and Mrs. Peter Troubridge arriving for the reception, which took place at 6 Stanhope Gate



Mrs. R. J. Parker and Mrs. R. Guinness with the two pages, Michael Parker and Anthony Guinness

AT ST. PETER'S, Eaton Square, more than six hundred guests were present at the wedding of Lt. Peter Troubridge, R.N., eldest son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge and of Lady Troubridge, to Miss Venetia Weeks, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks, K.C.B., and Lady Weeks

some of these visitors went to a very good dance organized by that charming and hospitable young American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bird, at his father's home Bective. This was an invitation pay party to raise funds for the Meath Hunt, and thanks to the generosity of the Bird family, every penny paid for the tickets went straight to the hunt.

LE TOUQUET was another favourite rendezvous over Easter, and promises to be even gay at Whitsun, when I hope to fly over myself. Monsieur André, that brilliant organizer, who is largely responsible for the gay summer season at Deauville and runs the Casino at Cannes so efficiently, has taken over the Casino at Le Touquet and bought a big interest in the Westminster Hotel there, and I hear there has been a marked improvement all round. This unique French resort, beloved by the British, is likely now to recapture much of its prewar charm, and I understand that already bookings to fly over each week during May and June are heavier than they were for the whole of last summer. For those of us on this side of the Channel it is such an easy "hop" at a very reasonable fare. For those who live in London, Mortons are running a service from Croydon Airport three times daily on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays during May, and from June 1 a daily service as well, for which the fare is £7 15s. return including all airport taxes on both sides of the Channel. They are using the very comfortable Dove aeroplanes on this service.

From Lympe Airport in Kent, "Airkruse" are now running a service from six to twenty times daily and the return fare from here is £4 5s. and cheaper if it is a day return. Many people use the latter to go over for lunch and possibly a round or two of golf on the very good course. If you want to fly your car over, there is the service which Silver City Airways operates for this purpose, also from Lympe.

★ ★ ★

FOR some weeks now one has missed at new plays that grand personality Rose Marchioness of Headfort, who has for many years been an inveterate first nighter, and has always taken seats in the front row of the stalls. Last month on her return from abroad she had to go into a nursing home and underwent an operation. Happily she is now recuperating and making a splendid recovery at her home in Hampstead.

Another steadily recovering from an

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Holidays Came With The Sun

Irene has been promised some of the Zoo animals for the party including a baby elephant, llama, and ponies for children to ride on. There will also be a pets stall. It is hoped that Miss Vacani will be able to put on a dancing display, and the Blues band will play during the afternoon.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE never felt such a tenseness among an audience as at the first night of Bridget Boland's gripping new play *The Prisoner* at the Globe Theatre. Alec Guinness, playing the Cardinal superbly, is supported by a splendid cast, and there was long and sincere applause after the final curtain. Many people were, I noticed, too moved to go out in the second interval. Among these were Sir Alexander Korda and his lovely wife, Dorothy Ward whose son Peter Glenville has produced the play, and Lady Millicent Tylour. Also in the audience that night were Adrienne Allen and her husband Mr. William Dwight Whitney and her daughter Miss Anna Massey, Joyce Carey, Mr. Cecil Beaton and Mr. Oliver Messel.

★ ★ ★

EASTER gave a welcome respite to many hard worked politicians and members of the Diplomatic Corps. The Prime Minister spent the holiday at Chequers with Lady Churchill and some of their family, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden stayed with friends in the country, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. "Rab" Butler and their children went out to Formentor in Majorca where friends had lent them their villa. The U.S. Ambassador, who has had an exceptionally strenuous time lately and has been unable to get a break even at weekends,

motored down with Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich to stay with Sir John and Lady Carew-Pole in Cornwall. The Cuban Ambassador, who has also been working extremely hard through the winter, spent the holiday at the enchanting Mill House, about twenty-five miles from London, which he and Madame Mendoza have rented until the end of July. Incidentally, they are still hoping to find a home in London big enough for their young family and suitable also for an Embassy residence.

Quite a number of people flew over to Ireland for the Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse, and



The five bridesmaids were Miss June Troubridge (groom's sister), Miss Jennifer Parker (groom's cousin), Miss Judy Rutherford, Miss Lindy Renner (groom's cousin) and Miss Pamela Weeks (bride's sister)



Lt. Ted Troubridge, R.M., and Lady Troubridge, brother and mother of the bridegroom, and Vice-Admiral Sir James Pipon



Lt.-Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks, brilliant both as soldier and industrialist, with Lady Weeks, parents of the bride



Mrs. D. de Pass was having a word with two other guests at the reception, Lady Margaret and Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hawkins

operation is Lady (Noel) Charles whom I saw just before Easter. She had just come out of the London Clinic and was back at her lovely Mount Street flat. Her doctor was allowing her to make her first journey a few days later to spend Easter quietly with Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar at their Sussex home.

Finally I met Lady Pulbrook who was looking very much better than when I had last seen her on New Year's Eve at the Limelight Ball, for which she was the Chairman. Since then she, too, has been for some weeks in a nursing home after an operation, from which she is now convalescing. She was going for a few days to Paris, and then on to Brussels for a short visit to the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Frederick M. Alger. At the end of this week she sails to Canada to stay with friends there, and later goes on to friends in America and will not be back until late in the summer.

★ ★ ★

TOMORROW, April 29, there is to be a Family Welfare Fair in aid of the Family Welfare Association, at Park Lane House. This is an all-day affair as the children's fun fair for four-year-olds and over is from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. The four-to-twenty can enjoy square dancing from 7.30 to 9.30 which is followed at 10 p.m. until 11 a.m. by an informal ball, which it is hoped will be fun for the "forties and under."

Mrs. David Bune is chairman of this novel effort and among the committee, who will also be in charge of the sideshows, are the Hon. Mrs. Patrick de Lazlo, Lady Holmes, Mrs. David Page-Wood, Mrs. John Lowther, the Hon. Mrs. Crawshaw and Lady Melchett.

★ ★ ★

VISCOUNT TEMPLEWOOD, President of the Air League of the British Empire, presided at the beginning of the first committee meeting in the Peers' Guest Room of the House of Lords, to discuss plans for the Air Ball to raise funds for the Air League which is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on June 29. Later, when he had to hurry off to another engagement, Lord Templewood asked Lady Handley Page, Chairman of the Ball Committee, to preside. Air Chief Marshal Sir Guy Garrod said a few words during the meeting telling us concisely about the work of the Air League which was founded in 1909. Since then it has done much to further British air aims, both for the R.A.F. and civil aviation. Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Salmond, sitting next to Lady Mitchell, was among those who came to give the meeting their support and took tickets for the ball. Others included Air Commodore Lydney Smith, Mr. Claude Grahame-White one of the pioneers of flying, Lady Wakefield, Lady Ivelaw-Chapman, Mme. Phang, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Pearson and Major and Mrs. Henry Presland. Major Presland is one of the keenest amateur pilots and spends a lot of time flying his own plane each summer.

The ball promises to be a very enjoyable evening with a good dinner and first-class cabaret. Over two hundred tickets were sold by the end of the meeting, and as the ballroom is to be extended to

hold nine hundred that evening, this was a good start. Tickets may be obtained from Lady Handley Page, 79 Davies Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

SINCE flat racing started again, followers have been able to enjoy some fine sunny days and some interesting racing. It is always exciting to see how the new batch of two year olds, and the older horses, especially those entered in the classics, have wintered. Among the most enjoyable of these days was the Newbury Spring Meeting. Spring suits and jaunty little hats were worn by most of the women, always a delightful sight after the months of heavy winter clothes.

Two of the first people I saw were Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Coriat talking to the Duchess of Norfolk, who supervises the training of her horses at Arundel. Mrs. Coriat had a runner in the first race, and her cleverly named Fair Trial—King's Cross colt Cross Petition ran in the Greenham Stakes. This race, which is always a preliminary for some of the classic aspirants, was won by Sir Malcolm McAlpine's nice looking colt Infatuation which, as I write, is greatly fancied to win the Guineas at Newmarket today April 28, and must have a great chance in the Derby as he was running on well at the finish.

The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Harbord was there to see her filly run in the second race, and later was discussing form in the sunshine with a group of friends including Major Stirling Stuart, Capt. Charles Tremayne and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke. Among those racing who are lucky enough to have this as their local meeting were Lady Portal, whose late husband owned some very useful horses, Mrs. de Pass, Mr. and Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington, the Earl of Normanton, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, the latter wearing a gay yellow jacket with a black skirt and a little cap to match.

Pictures of the meeting will be found on page 215.

THE Easter meeting at Kempton Park was also favoured with sunshine, although there was a cold wind blowing. I went on the Saturday, when the most interesting race was the 2000 Guineas Trial Stakes for which Mr. Hawkins's Moonlight Express started favourite, but only finished third. The race was won by Lord Milford's Tudor Honey with Sir Percy Loraine's Darius finishing a very fast second. The Prime Minister came to see his horses run in the second and last race, but neither was placed. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Soames. The Earl and Countess of Rosebery were delighted at the success of his filly Lark in the last event.

Other keen enthusiasts there included Mr. and Mrs. David Wills who won the first race with Hot Pursuit, trained by Mr. Jack Jarvis who saddled three winners and a second that afternoon. Lord and Lady Irwin, who were talking to a group of friends including the Earl and Countess of Derby, the latter in a neat grey suit, Maj.-Gen. Sir "Gerry" Feilden, the Earl of Carnarvon and Lady Margaret van Cutsem, also the Hon. Katharine Smith with Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, who were spending Easter at Highclere with Lord Carnarvon.



Mrs. R. N. Cannon, Lady Duke-Elder, Mr. Richard Cannon, Miss Julia Cannon and Sir Stewart Duke-Elder



Lt. W. Fitzherbert, Lt.-Cdr. R. Hawkins, Mrs. Gordon Nares, Mr. John Norman and Lt. M. Garnett

Swatche



Fearlessness is bred in the youthful Irish horseman, as this picture demonstrates. It shows Mr. Edward Cash, of Naas, making a spectacular crossing of the watercourse with his sons Jimmy and Daniel. They represented the Naas Harriers team in the trials



The Master of the Ward Union Staghounds, Mr. George Villiers Malcolmson, takes a fence with a nonchalance only equalled by his mount



The Hon. Mrs. Peter Hemphill, daughter-in-law of Lord Hemphill, with her father, Major Robert F. Rutledge, from Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo, Mrs. Lancelot Smith, wife of the Master of the Galway Blazers, and Mrs. George Briscoe, a follower of the Meath

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Cutting the cake, which depicted a Greek amphitheatre, were Mr. Richard Goulden, Mr. Jack Good, president of the O.U.D.S., Miss Margaretta Scott, the actress, and Sir Andrew Hills

SEVENTY YEARS OF THE O.U.D.S., nursery of a host of West End stars, was celebrated in London by a party at the home of the grandmother of Sir Andrew Hills, Bt., in Brunswick Gardens, W.8. Sir Andrew played the part of the huntsman in the recent production of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*



A U.S. guest at the party was Ensign Glen Fishback, from California, with his wife (Eileen Sands)



Miss Barbara Kelly, of radio comedy fame, arrived in company with Mr. Henry Kendall, the actor



Two other noted stage and film figures there were Mr. Michael Dennison and his wife, Miss Dulcie Gray



Playwright Mr. Terence Rattigan (right), Miss Dorothy Tutin, and Mr. John Ackroyd, O.U.D.S. steward

London Linelight



Caliban (Richard Burton) alarms Miranda (Claire Bloom) in the Old Vic "Tempest"

Magic and Spells at Old Vic

"THE TEMPEST," prior to the Old Vic's production, was last seen in London at the Mermaid Theatre, that delightful and intelligent replica of a true Elizabethan stage. The two presentations have a deal in common, for they both use a permanent set, but the Vic does not hesitate to call in the latest aids to the creation of illusion. My belief is that the author would have enjoyed the first and felt ecstatic about the second, for the one is the logical modern heir of the other.

Mr. Helpmann, producing, calls conjuring tricks to his aid, and very properly, for this is a magical as well as a lyrical story, and Michael Hordern, as the chief magician, dominates the stage with more authority than any Maskelyne. Claire Bloom, after a succession of roles which put her into the maidenly doldrums, brings Miranda to life with sheer virtuosity, and Richard Burton continues his self-imposed tuition as Caliban. (Seven out of ten, plus for trying.)

A FASCINATING little oddity in the ballet world will be open to inspection by televiewers on May 16th, when Margaret Dale, of the Sadler's Wells Company, presents a second instalment of her "Trojan" story. Trojan, a horse composed of two gentlemen in the traditional music-hall style, is to have a series of adventures in ballet form. This time he is Out West. Miss Dale's husband, John Hart, will dance the wicked bandit to his wife's choreography and Arthur Wilkinson's music. Just now the lady is appearing at Covent Garden as Swanilda in *Coppelia*, whilst Mr. Hart follows the steps of Messrs. Ashton and Helpmann as Dr. Coppélius.

DODIE SMITH's play has now ended its brief run at the Aldwych, to be succeeded on Friday by the new Christopher Fry *The Dark is Light Enough*. If ever a show was killed by condescension, *I Capture the Castle* is its name. No one damned it, particularly, but everyone adopted a superior plum-in-the-mouth attitude in mentioning it. Yet it had many virtues, including great expertism in the writing and flawless performances by Virginia McKenna and George Relph.

Perhaps the fashion for constant nymphs is declining, whilst the wheel turns and the heroines of *Sweet Pepper* days return in triumph to St. Martin's Lane.

—Youngman Carter



AN ADMIRAL COMES ABOARD at Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield, for the Cutlers' Feast, which was attended by many national figures, as well as leading members of the industry. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power, G.C.B., G.B.E., C.V.O., is here being received by (left) Mr. R. P. Phillips, the Junior Warden, Mr. W. G. Ibberson, the Senior Warden, and the Master Cutler, Mr. R. L. Walsh

Talk Around the Town

WHEN the Queen reaches Gibraltar in ten days' time they will doubtless tell her the story of "the Convent" and how her father revoked an order made by Edward VII.

For some two centuries the residence of the Governor has been known as "the Convent," that being the origin of this unpretentious building. Until, in 1908, King Edward paid a visit to the Rock and dined at the home of his Crown representative.

This fact was reported rather loosely at home, and caught the eye of the busy-bodies who inflict themselves upon religion. A Protestant society then publicly protested against an English sovereign visiting a Roman Catholic institution abroad! And a nunnery of all places.

Some pompous official at the Palace urged the King to advise the changing of the name to "Government House." And so it was until 1943, when King George VI. stopped at the Rock on his way to North Africa.

"Make it 'the Convent' again," he laughed.

And so to "the Convent" the Queen will be escorted by the Governor when she steps ashore.

THE cry "Gibraltar for Spain!" is the perhaps natural expression of a lively people bottled-up in a peninsula for nearly twenty years now, although first claim might be made by the Moors, who were on the Rock longer than the Spanish. But why cannot the Spaniards carry it further?

It is little over fifty years since the Spanish flag was hauled down in Cuba and the Philippines. Might that not be more useful to Spain than a hunk of limestone? Mexico might be demanded back, unless Austria jumped in first with a claim in the name of the Emperor Maximilian.

An hour spent with the changing maps of Europe alone during the past 800 years will show that scarcely any country—other than England—seems to belong to itself.



IN THE GALLERY of the Cutlers' Hall the ladies, who were not present at the actual dinner, were listening to the speeches afterwards

I have talked with a man who remembers Venice as an Austrian city, and who spent his schoolboy holidays there under the Habsburg flag.

★ ★ ★

OF another of the small Crown Colonies, a reader has written to say that as long ago as 1913 (when on the staff of the Governor of the Leewards) he saw none of those pineapples in Antigua to whose dyspeptic qualities, when eaten unripe, I recently referred.

I have since had the word of a more recent Governor of those delectable West Indian islands that "they are the finest pineapples he has ever eaten."

It is usually said that the fruit sold by Miss Nell Gwynn in Drury Lane was the orange. I am told that it might well have been the pineapple, as Charles II. is recorded as having enjoyed them in Evelyn's diary.

Perhaps the Governor in 1913 may have kept aloof from the native delights of the island. For the pineapple happens to appear on the flag of Antigua, and you can see it on the postage stamps.

★ ★ ★

A CLEVER Frenchman has been taking small parties around to places which cannot be visited in the ordinary way and calling his enterprise "Paris Secret."

The tourists will surprise a hostess in a historic mansion arranging the flowers for a dinner party, or may find themselves attending a conference of the descendants of King Louis XV's natural children.

Surveying the chances of doing the same sort of thing here one can reflect sadly enough that if you wish to show some tourists a great London mansion's drawing-room, you will probably have to be content with showing them one with a typist arranging the files—the place having been bought as offices. Incidentally, too, much of the changing face of London is put down to the impoverished "rich"; not enough to the dire results of the westward drive of commerce hurried on by the blitzing of City offices.

What former private mansions are left seem already adequately exploited (e.g., Apsley House and Lancaster House, Londonderry House and the former Derby House).

So "London Secret" must search elsewhere.

What about a private view of the inside of the Bank of England? This can be



WINNER OF THE CLARE D'OYLY Memorial Prize at Dartmouth for the Spring Term 1954 was Acting Sub-Lt. (E) W. G. Mumford, R.N. The prize is for the engineering student who shows the best officer-qualities of his entry

obtained by a number of simple devices, which I will disclose only when we have the thing organised.

BUT perhaps you would rather make a personal visit to the House of Commons and chat with an authentic Member? This, too, can be arranged, possibly with the consent of the Member, but just as easily by walking in and asking for one. And perhaps a little supper party with a genuine Left Wing M.P.? That should give a thrill of wickedness to at least American members of the group.

Then there might be a visit to the disrobing rooms of Madame Tussauds, to show the indignities to which the images of the famous are forced to submit, even to the point of being literally liquidated if their popularity seems to be weakening.

A crockery-smashing session at Waterloo? A divorce action in the Law Courts? Tea with a few duchesses? This latter occasion could easily be arranged by joining the committee of a charity ball and introducing the visitors to the meeting under the guise of possible patrons. (I saw this sort of thing done not long ago, so it is feasible.) Almost any day's "List of Events" contains

potential "curious visits," to use the Paris impresario's phrase.

And there would always be Christie's and Sotheby's to fall back on.

If the programme showed signs of being weak in personality, there are said to be over 600 actors out of work who would be delighted to do a little impersonation for a couple of hours.

"Three of the descendants of the natural children of Lord Byron. . ."

★ ★ ★

ONE of the saddening things about play-going is to observe the disappointments of people who go expecting to receive something that the author does not pretend to offer.

And often this is the attitude of the professional critic, who should know better.

Sadler's Wells is host this month to a jolly little company from Rome which is presenting *opera buffa*; but the morning after their opening performance you received the impression that several critics were expecting something else. All they got were two forgotten one-act pieces by Donizetti.

The whole repertoire is devoted to the works of Donizetti and Rossini, and the two trifles I heard were played with gusto, which, one felt, is the way their composers wished them to be played, and, indeed, heard them played a century ago.

One opera not to be given is Rossini's *William Tell*, for which I am sorry, as I have often wondered how far it lived up to its celebrated overture. The nearest I have ever heard to a performance was a potted version given by a puppet theatre.

★ ★ ★

I PROPOSE taking time out (or off) to protest against a phrase which is now being used by as many classes of the community as were specified in the old-fashioned patent medicine advertisements.

Not only are the "nobility and gentry" apt to succumb to this phrase, but even Cabinet Ministers take time out to employ it, the latter doubtless feeling that they are using the words of true democracy.

I think it is a second cousin to that somewhat older—by about ten years—phrase "off the record."

This sort of "time," out or off, can fly right back across the Atlantic. Sheer prejudice on my part.

—Gordon Beckles



A Great Social Occasion of the North—the 318th Feast of "the Company of Cutlers in Hallamshire"

Before taking their places the Duke of Portland, Mr. D. Heathcoat-Amory, Minister of State, Board of Trade, and Sir Ronald W. Matthews, D.L., were enjoying a joke

Miss S. Walsh, Lady Evans, wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Geoffrey Evans, the Mistress Culler, Mrs. R. L. Walsh, and her other daughter, Miss C. Walsh

The High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. N. A. Robertson, the Bishop of Sheffield, Mr. D. Heathcoat-Amory, and Dr. A. L. Geyer, S.A. High Commissioner



Capt. Innes A. du S. Watson, Miss Virginia Hodgson, Mrs. Ware and Col. Basil Ware, the Club secretary, standing beneath a portrait of the first Marquess of Lansdowne, who signed the concession of American independence (by tradition, in this actual room) after having vainly opposed the Government's intransigent attitude to the colonists

BALL TO GREET THE BLOSSOMS IN BERKELEY SQUARE

ONE of the most pleasant West End events of the early season was the Spring Ball at the Lansdowne Club. The stately interior provided a perfect background, and the 240 guests danced for four hours with a "half-time" break for supper. This was the Club's second ball this year, and they have been so successful that two more are contemplated



Looking over the charmingly scrolled balcony were Mr. David Shaw, Miss Paula Gisborne and Mrs. and Mr. Anthony Wallis



Discussing an adjournment for supper were Mrs. Glyn Barton, Mr. R. L. Weisweiler, Mr. Glyn Barton and Mrs. Weisweiler



An electric candelabrum illuminated a conference between Miss Naomi MacLeod, Miss Daphne Stokes and Mr. George Spring



Miss Pamela Heath and Mr. Michael Malmick were greatly enjoying a slow fox-trot together



Miss Elisabeth Hiscocks was being partnered in a quick-step by Mr. Michael Lund



Miss Sally Crichton-Maitland and the Hon. C. Campbell-Gray, Master of Gray, and brother of Lord Gray

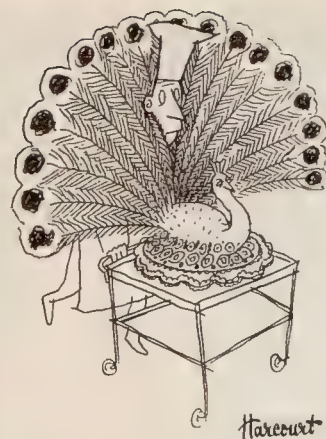


Taking time off from dancing for a quiet chat were Mr. Caird Wilson and Mrs. Collette Anson



During an interlude for refreshment, Mr. Hew Billson (right) was closely holding the attention of Mr. S. E. Taylor (left), Miss Shirley Billson, Miss Shirley Newsum, Mr. M. A. Hissey, and Miss Anne Willis

Desmond O'Neill



Harcourt

DINING OUT

When The Cork Is Suspect

"THE servile waiter irritates him," I read of a recent recruit to the ranks of restaurateurs, "So his waiters - are anything but servile."

"They make a point of never pandering to wine snobs by pouring a little wine into the glass and waiting for them to taste it."

"All that business is absolutely out," the proprietor is quoted as saying, "Only one bottle in a million is ever corked."

I can hardly credit that this is what any man who cherishes wine ever said with his tongue out of his cheek. The more so because the very day I read it I had opened one of the most illustrious clarets of France, and one of a celebrated year, only to find it was undrinkable. (This happened at a small lunch party.)

Was it my fault? Quite possibly, but the wine—it was a '45—had only been in my keeping about two months. On the other hand, French corks of the war years were very poor generally, although this one seemed reasonably sound to the eye. But '45 is nearing the danger age by now for a claret.

If fault is to be found in the serving of wines in a restaurant, as against opening them yourself, it is that, because of the dilatory decisions of diners, they are opened and served all too quickly for them to breathe.

SCOTT'S (at top of the Haymarket).— I gladly welcome this landmark among London restaurants to the ranks of the Sunday-openers. Two French people in London for the first time found themselves hungry and lost on a Sunday and discovered Scott's for themselves. They had smoked salmon (a rare delicacy for the Parisian), mixed grills, cheese, coffee and lagers. The bill was little more than £1 each. They could have had a good Chablis by the glass. Also the restaurant's true speciality: soles in various shapes and garnishings.

IN answer to an enquiry, I think one might safely say of brandies that one star on the bottle (if such are marketed on this side of the Channel?) implies an age of three years.

V.S.O. signifies "very special old," the mysterious V.S.O.P. suggests a very special old "pale," while V.V.O.P. is all that you can hope for in stardom.

And in a restaurant don't be fooled by those huge bottles of cognac the size of a small dog. No brandy can survive being left adrift in such big bottles, which are mere decoration. Ask for yours out of a normal-sized bottle.

—I. Bickerstaff



KING GUSTAV ADOLF watching the dancers in company with the wife of General Cederskiold. The Amarant Society arose when Queen Christina took the part of the shepherdess Amaranta at a "feast of shepherds" at Stockholm's Royal castle, and was at first composed of thirty-two of her closest friends

Priscilla in Paris

An Alliance Of The Heart

VIVE l'Entente Cordiale! I can remember the vivats and the hurrahs when it first became a fact. The illuminations and the parades and the coloured supplements of the *Petit Journal*, a lurid paper that the servants read and that I was not supposed to look at. We were in Paris at the time and I had to stand on tiptoe to look out of the window of the Hotel Beau Séjour.

Below on the boulevard the camelots were selling French and English flags and post-cards of King Edward VII. and the President of the Republic; but I am ashamed to say that I have quite forgotten the President's name. Presidents were three-a-penny in my childhood, but there was only one King Edward.

THE Italian traffic cops who have been invited to see "how Paris does it" and to show Paris "how they do it" complain that, regarding the correct manner of crossing a street on foot, the French are not so obedient as the Italians. Parisians certainly have a great fondness for hooting out of turn, hot-stuffing the red light, keeping to the left when the right is the order of the day, and, generally, cocking a snook

at Authority. Maybe! Also Parisians do not care about obeying foreigners and they have a most inconvenient memory about a certain little stab in the back that . . . but since this is ancient history I had better leave it there.

Eating-out on the sidewalk (St. Germain des Prés) days are here again, but steel your heart to the professional beggars. Give to one, and the word is passed on! Again: "'nuf sed!"

FROM the theatre page of the daily Press: "Translated into eight languages, played in twenty countries and ten capital cities, this celebrated play, at last, will be seen in Paris. . . . It is the theatrical event of the season."

This sort of advance blurb makes me feel both guilty and nervous. Guilty because, as an honorary Parisienne, I feel that it is very wrong of Paris to have waited so long. Nervous because, having waited, I wonder whether Paris is not in danger of missing the bus! That Mr. T. S. Eliot is "le plus grand poète dramatique de la langue anglaise" (and in more than twenty countries) goes without saying. That the title of the play—*The Cocktail Party*—held promise of happy entertainment, even to the

KING GUSTAV ADOLF WAS QUEEN OF THE AMARANT SOCIETY

ONE of the most brilliant events of the year in Stockholm is the annual ball of the Amarant Society, founded by Queen Christina in 1653 and revived a century later. This year King Gustav Adolf and Queen Louise witnessed the ceremony admitting 200 young candidates to the Society, which is a leading factor in the capital's social life

lowbrows who could not remember whether *Murder in the Cathedral* is an historical drama or a detective thriller, was reassuring. Nevertheless, I was nervous, and as the play progressed I became more and more nervous.

A translation from one language to another is often a betrayal. The present adaptation of *The Cocktail Party* seems to be an amputation. I have not read or seen the play in English. It thus follows that all I care to say is that I hope the author will not read it or see it in French.

IN olden days admiring multitudes used to take the horses from the shafts, and triumphantly draw the carriage containing their idol of the moment to his, her, or its destination! This was what one might call "a gesture"! Nowadays popular heroes are carried shoulder high, and this can easily become to be more of a rough-house than a gesture.

Madame Beatrix Bretty, who is one of the great stars (and something of a fourteen-stone fairy) of the Comédie Française company that is now visiting Russia, was plucked from the stage door of the Maly Theatre by her admirers and chaotically borne to her hotel. A flattering but nerve-racking experience. The sojourn of the famous company seems to have been an immense success from every point of view. The elegance of the *comédiennes* both on and off the stage has amazed the spectators in the theatre as well as the "comrades" in the street. Madame Annie Ducaux's daintily sandalled feet and nylon stockings in a snowstorm caused great excitement, and not since pre-war days have such magnificent doeskin shoes been seen as those worn by Jacques Cheron.

Two of France's most erudite and capacious dramatic critics accompanied the *comédiens français*. They were M. Robert Kemp of *Le Monde* and M. Jean Jacques Gautier of the *Figaro*. This caused sadness in those Paris theatres where productions took place during their absence. I can think of certain cases when it ought to have caused gladness.

Enfin!

● In the crush of a "Personal Appearance" get-together, an admirer managed to clip one of her lovely curls from Martine Carol's head. "Why didn't you ask me for it?" said the pretty star. "I've got some even nicer ones at home!"



Capt. Hans von Blixen Finecke, Olympic riding star, has his shoulder ribbon arranged by his wife



One young couple greatly enjoying the dance consisted of M. Olle Bröndum and Mme. Bonny Bröndum



M. Ockie Bernadotte, son of the late Count F. Bernadotte, admires a medal worn by his fiancée, Mlle. Birgitta Glans



Baron Jan de Geer ladles out a drink for the Baroness during the course of the evening



*The Head Chamberlain, M. Nils Rudebeck, arriving with Milles. Mari-
anne and Ylva Rudebeck*



In deep silence the company waits for the admission ceremony to begin. In front are the ceremonial mace-bearers, Milles. Barbro Tham and Mari Ann Wachtmeister. Standing behind is Capt. Wilhelm Tham



A pattern against the sky to stir the heart of any sailor, and many landmen, is made by these yachts at Moody's Yard, at Swanwick, waiting their turn for launching. That with the cover off is Cohoe II. Hundreds of yachts spend the winter months beside the Hamble, in sheds, and in the open, or in mud-berths



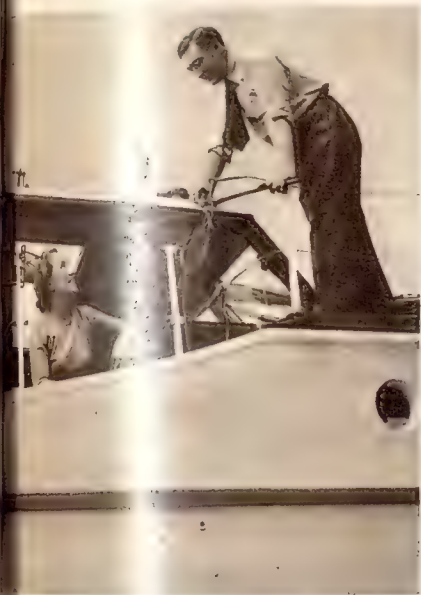
Mr. Brian Stewart, owner of the seven-tonner Jaslia, reeving the halyards, helped by Mrs. P. Reynell and supervised by four-year-old Victoria Reynell

THE BOATYARDS TELL OF SPRING

ALL along the coasts and estuaries masts are being stepped and hulls scraped and painted in preparation for what is hoped to be a record yachting season. Nowhere is there more activity than in the boatyards along that important South Coast centre, the Hamble River, where Easter saw many boats take the water. Most yachtsmen nowadays do their own fitting out, or part of it, and find an unexpected pleasure in the exercise, as these pictures testify



While Mr. W. Stannard's motor-yacht New II., Mr. Gordon Moody was helping Miss Irene Bain with some ropework



While working on the deck of his motor-yacht Niantica, Mr. A. R. Cox was called to lunch by his wife



Capt. R. J. M. de St. Leger afforded support to Mrs. de St. Leger while she varnished their five-ton sloop Sylva



Going down the jetty to their 20-ton Diesel motor-sailer Acushla II. were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Walford



Planning a scheme of operations for their ocean racer Maiden Light: Capt. Hugh Ford and his son, Mr. Hugh Ford



Two cruisers, Minstrel Maid and Maid Jacqueline, cast off their winter weeds on the first really sunny day, and revel in the warmth on their hulls, with its promise of fair weather and fast passages in the months to come

Gabor Denes

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

LOOKING round the nearly-rebuilt Temple the other afternoon we saw to our satisfaction that the new walls are reasonably solid, a matter of some interest to anyone who has lived in one of the Inns of Court, where the hideous droning noise made by lawyers at midnight is liable to penetrate even walls built by Jacobean and Augustan architects.

As we may have mentioned before, lawyers pray nightly to Beelzebub for more and better crime, more City skulduggery, more long-term and insurance frauds, more inextricable Chancery tangles, more front-page libel cases like *Babs Ramsden v. the Bishop of Purley*, Huddersfield Municipal Casino, the Worshipful Company of Greengrocers, O-So-Kozie Woollywear, Ltd., the Society for the Suppression of Evil, and Ajax Blast-Furnace Corporation Ltd., *ex parte* Mrs. C. H. Bufgkin and Buenos Aires Tramways, Charley Turner, intervening (like a fool!). What we haven't mentioned before is that when we lived in Gray's Inn there was an eminent cricketer on the same staircase whose influence rendered all these wicked supplications utterly null and void.

This illustrates the power of an upright life lived by M.C.C. rules. Why don't you sahibs get down the nets more often? Afraid of the fish?

Shock

THERE is at this moment in Paris (France), we discover, a sweetheart in the Art racket who is terrified by some of her own pictures, as she honestly confessed to the Press boys the other day. So suddenly intense are these works, so pregnant with awful meaning, that she apparently gives one strangled cry and cowers, like the girl in the Rimbaud poem:

*Tes grandes visions étranlaient ta parole,
Et l'Infini terrible effara ton œil bleu. . .*

Whether her pictures terrify her friends as well she didn't say. It is, or was, pretty easy to be scared in Left Bank art circles. Our own first experience took place in a slightly barmy sculptor's studio during a big party. We had arrived with a wealthy chap who wanted to buy something, but the sculptor boy kept groaning

and shuddering and crying: "No, no—not that! You cannot have that! It is Part of Me!" At length we came round to a large, draped shapeless torso with closed eyes, like a Buddha in repose. "What about that?" asked the connoisseur, irritably, being now tired of all the whimsy. "Or is that Part of You too?" The sculptor shuddered again and said: "No, you cannot have that. It is Gertrude Stein." At that moment the sleeping Buddha opened its eyes and looked straight at us, and believe us or not, but it *was* Gertrude Stein.

While it lasted—not long, because Gertrude Stein tired of the sight of us in five seconds and closed her eyes again—it was an experience, little ones, of the most shattering description. So now we know how that poor sweet feels when she comes up against those pictures of hers, and we only trust her friends are rallying round her; not to speak of the publicity-boys.

Fall

AN Income Tax official threw an egg at his wife some time ago, it appears from a recent case in the courts, and we're wondering if the boys at Somerset House are still sitting with bowed heads and gripping their desks.

The celebrated case of Herbert Spencer is an almost exact parallel. It is on record that one evening this eminent Victorian thinker ran amuck for the only time in his life and, in pure mischief, hid a ball of wool belonging to two elderly maiden-ladies. His champions in the *Times* maintained that one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name, but Spencer was deeply horrified and ashamed of his impulsive prank, and was never the same again. Any Income Tax egg-thrower must feel the same, we guess. The dramatic elements of such a situation leap unbidden to the eye. We see it as a theme for a Marlowe or a Goethe.

Midnight. Tapefile, agitated, pacing his lair, surrounded by Schedules A to G, pausing ever and anon to shake his fist.

Tapefile: Death and damnation, why does my haughty spirit cringe within me? 'Twas in no weak playfulness I hurled the egg! A saucy hussy chastened—is this a matter for shame to such a lofty soul as mine? Ruby seems, I admit, in vengeful mood. Pray Heaven she is not consulting Rampole, Rampole, Rampole, Chitterling, Burpe, Whickett, and Rampole, of 189 Bedford Row. But a truce to these craven fears. Who goes there?

(Thunder. Enter the Spirit of Inland Revenue, glaring with fiery eyes.)

S.I.R.: Fribble! Buffoon! Taxpayer! *(Tapefile crumples up.)*

That last hissing word is the final insult in the racket, apparently, implying childish imbecility, ape-like cunning, pitiful attempts to deceive, and ignoble terror.

Rig

Laudemus viros gloriosos—bowlers off, please, sahibs, to the late Mr. Sam Keener, a wealthy thinker of Salem, Ohio, who used his own plane and travelled invariably in a

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"No cause for alarm, there's a right of way across the field"

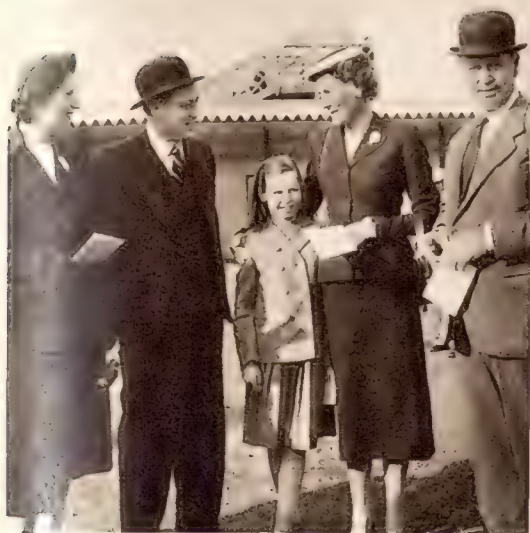
magnificent gold-braided uniform, designed by himself to ensure deference from police and precedence from Customs officials and airfield-personnel. It apparently worked pretty often.

Mr. Keener was likewise, we dare aver, taken for a refugee cinema commissionaire here and there, just as Napoleon's Marshals in their finery would be connected by half the populace nowadays with publicity for Whizzo Soapflakes. The modern degradation of splendour to base uses is, indeed, a theme of philosophical significance, as we remarked to a redfaced chap at a wedding-reception only last week. He said, rather nervously, "Hah," and after a brief pause, "Hum," and moved away. We saw the eye of the bride's mother fixed on us. It held an expression, vague and slightly sick, to which we are well accustomed. Brooding already over the whole situation, she assumed that one of the bridegroom's uncouth gang had wantonly insulted Darling Eric, the redfaced family pet. Such, apparently, was the milieu in which her unhappy child would henceforth be compelled to mix.

Something on the lines of the fulldress uniform of an Admiral of the Blue would have enabled us ("Rather a dear! . . .") to insult ten redfaced chaps with impunity and chuck a few bridesmaids under the chin. When the Keener Way works, it works plenty.

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





Mrs. and Mr. Alec Pilkington were talking over their selections with Mrs. and Mr. Robin McAlpine, with whom was Carolyn McAlpine

NEWBURY WAS TRUE MIRROR OF FORM

BY the time of the Newbury Spring Meeting form is becoming firmly established, and its value as a "forecasting" event is widely recognised. This year, in sunny conditions and only slightly heavy going, one colt was outstanding: Infatuation, winner of the Greenham Stakes, traditional 2,000 Guineas and Derby trial. He pleased all those who made him favourite by putting up a most convincing display of gameness and stamina



Major J. B. Powell was looking over Gorswen, which he had trained. With him were Mrs. Powell and Mrs. P. M. Lamb



Mr. Griffin suspended judgment when Mrs. Budgett queried his choice for the Compton Handicap



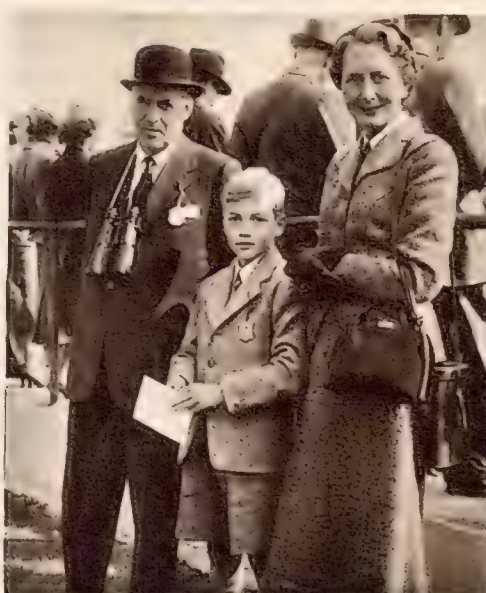
Early arrivals at the course were Major David Mitchell, Mr. Gerald Balding and Mrs. Balding



Miss R. Westenberg and Lord Porchester, whose Flickermaroo ran a good third in the Beckhampton Stakes



Mrs. Guy Knight had stopped for a word with Mr. Parker Bowles on her way to the paddock



Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mullion, whose Trade Wind ran in the Spring Maiden Plate, had brought their son Roderick



Absorbed in their calculations for the Greenham Stakes were Mrs. F. G. Taylor and Mrs. F. W. Atkinson

At The Pictures

THE THORNS OF
LIBERATION

Kirk Douglas and Dany Robin in "Act of Love"

As the last war retreats slowly into the past we can deal with its personal emotions and situations in a more objective way. To this new vintage of war experience belongs *Act of Love* (Gaumont, Haymarket).

It is the simple old tale of the soldier who loves and leaves the foreign maid. In 1945, since it concerns a French girl and a G.I., we should probably have sniggered. To-day we can accept that even French girls and G.I.s out for a good time may be human beings, with their loves, joys and tragedies.

Liberated Paris and its gaiety, hunger and disillusion are the background; and the points of view of Americans and French on the thorny business of liberation are handled sympathetically and realistically. The sad little love-story, beginning as a sort of café joke, is played out consequentially and charmingly by two fine performers, Kirk Douglas as a combat-happy G.I., and the exquisite Dany Robin as a homeless girl.

The fine acting and dialogue benefits from the polished direction of Anatole Litvak.

THAT accomplished and attractive comedienne, Lucille Ball, together with the almost equally talented Desi Arnaz, between them and almost unaided carry off an amusing domestic comedy, *The Long, Long Trailer* (Empire). They have not much to work on, just a honeymoon in a caravan-trailer, but with an entertaining script and some deft direction by Vincente Minnelli they make a pleasant light diversion. Basically, the film is an enlargement of the feminine proposition that—on the road—left is right, and *vice versa*. Miss Ball goes one further and insists (I put this in to warn male drivers) that all maps are upside-down.

I would go again to see (a) Miss Ball cooking in a bumping caravan; (b) Desi Arnaz having a shower, ditto; and (c) Keenan Wynn as a traffic cop dealing with Miss Ball's driving.

A REALLY imaginative piece of work is *The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T.* (Studio One). A small boy, Tommy Rettig, is having a rough time with his music lessons from his teacher, Hans Conried, and his mother, Mary Healy. He dozes off into a terrifying small boy's nightmare, where his teacher becomes proprietor of a fantastic musical castle. For the torture of small boys there is a piano needing 500 of them to play it. Dungeons are full of other musical instruments which combine in an extravaganza of music and ballet which are a credit to the invention of choreographer Eugene Loring. As a plumber who befriends the boy, Peter Lind Hayes gives a pleasing performance as, indeed, do all.

It is an unusual film of much artistic merit and captures in a happy way the stuff of children's dreams.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Sole organisers of the meet were Elisia Watson and Susan Orsich, ten-year-old joint secretaries of the Paperchase Club

WINDSOR FOREST'S
FIRST DRAG HUNT

FOR the first time on record, a drag hunt was held in Windsor Forest by the Crouch Lane Paperchase Club of Winkfield, Berks. Some 30 youthful riders were the guests of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Watson, at Ranelagh Farm, and moved off under the guidance of Major P. de C. O'Grady, M.F.H. of the Staff College and R.M.A. Sandhurst pack, who kindly brought along some of his hounds



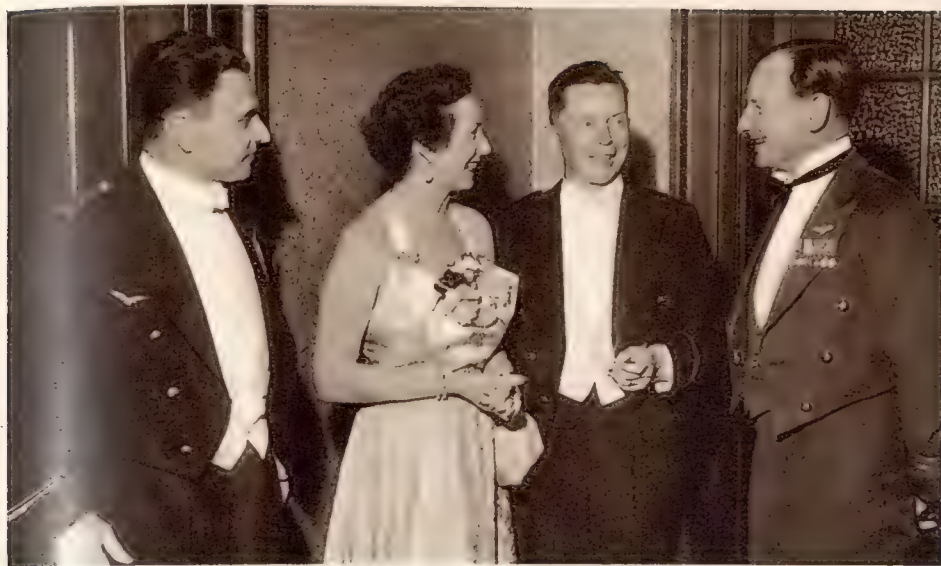
Spectators here watching the field assemble were Mrs. William Stirling, Capt. Charles Watson the host, Col. Sir John Aird, M.V.O., M.C., Extra Equerry to the Queen, and his son George



Emma Laycock had a stirrup cup of orange-juice, with iced cake, from James Wilkin and Mrs. V. Franklin



J. M. Hammonds
Count Orsich, the famous horseman, checks the tightness of Judy Hedley's saddle-girth before the move off



Commandant A. G. J. Toulouze, Chief Flying Instructor and Director of Studies of the École de l'Air, with Mrs. Keary, wife of G/Capt. R. C. Keary, Station Commander at Cranwell, Col. A. de Maricourt, commanding the École de l'Air, and Air Cdre. H. Eeles, C.B.E., Commandant of the R.A.F. College

THE PASSING-OUT PARADE of the 61st Entry at Cranwell R.A.F. College was reviewed by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field Marshal Sir John Harding. It was watched by, among others, Officers from the French "Cranwell." At night there was a ball, at which 500 guests danced until the early hours



Twin brothers who graduated on the same day: Sen. Flt./Cdt. P. McLeod and Flt./Cadet Sen. U/O J. McLeod



Chief prizewinners: Flt./Cdt. Sen. U/O R. S. Blockey (Sword of Honour) and Sen. Flt./Cdt. R. L. Holmes (Queen's Medal)



Miss Jill Bowyer, Flt./Cdt. C. H. Salwey, Miss Isabel Humble and Flt./Cdt. G. A. Farlam were chatting together



Flt./Cdt. A. M. Chandler, Mrs. R. P. Burrows, Miss R. Day, Miss M. Martin, Mr. R. P. Burrows and Flt./Cdt. B. R. Kent

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"Ah, the cut and thrust of debate. . . ."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"HOW'S Myra's daughter getting on?" asked a woman of her friend. "You know, the one that got married?" "Oh," replied the other, "I hear she's doing fine. She's got a lovely flat, and really beautiful furniture, a nice car, and quite wonderful clothes. The only thing is, she can't stand her husband. But there, you can't have everything, can you?"

A UNIVERSITY student called at a laundry and asked to see the manager. "I wonder if you would let me examine your equipment?" he asked.

The manager was flattered and delighted. He took him over the place, showing the washers, driers and ironing gadgets, and gave extensive demonstrations. At the end, he said: "I hope you've seen everything you wanted to see."

"Oh, yes, thank you very much," said the young man. "I'm a first-year engineering student, and I just couldn't imagine what a machine that pulls buttons off my shirts and blows them through my socks could possibly look like."

SIX-YEAR-OLD Nicholas came home proudly clutching a miniature motor-car. "Where did you get that?" asked his mother.

"I got it from Johnny for doing him a favour," stated Nicholas.

"What was the favour?"

"I was hitting him on the back and he asked me to stop."

WAS the rock as large as my fist?" asked the cross-examining counsel.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "it was as big and maybe a little bigger."

"Was it as big as my two fists?"

"Yes, sir, I suspect it was bigger than that."

"Well, was it as large as my head?"

"It was as long, but I don't think it was as thick."



Flying

Croquet At Heathrow?

TO engage in ballroom dancing in the desert would be comparable to holding a garden party at London Airport. Yet that is what the Royal Aeronautical Society proposes to do this year. Its annual event, Dr. Ballantyne tells me, is this year to be staged in a special enclosure at the Heathrow hideosity on June 13. Permission has been given by Sir John D'Albiac, the airport commandant.

In the past the Society has usually held its garden party at White Waltham, where the surroundings are pleasant and where there has always been some flying to entertain the guests. This year there is to be no exhibition flying; but the Nash collection of veteran aircraft is to be on show. The scheme may work. I hope it does work. And if it does I shall be among the first to acknowledge it. But it will be difficult to create anything approaching a garden party atmosphere in those surroundings.

It will, at any rate, be good to have an opportunity of examining the aircraft of the Nash collection at leisure and at close range. This will be the first time that the collection has been shown since the Society acquired it.

A MORE exciting demonstration of early aircraft is planned for the national air race meeting near Coventry on the week-end following the Royal Aeronautical Society's garden party. At Coventry the scheme is to persuade as many of the old aeroplanes into the air as possible. There is hope that the French will send over some of their interesting early types of aircraft, among them a vintage Caudron. There can be no doubt that one old aeroplane in the air is worth two on the ground.

It seems probable, too—according to what Colonel Preston, the Secretary-General of the Royal Aero Club, was telling me the

other day—that the international air race will be genuinely international in that entries are expected from Continental countries.

LORD DOUGLAS and Mr. Peter Masefield were at their delightfully disarming best at a meeting with aeronautical correspondents in London. The correspondents arrived prepared with searching, not to say searing, questions; and left convinced that British European Airways is in the best hands in the world and is being run with high efficiency.

I think that the secret of the way in which Lord Douglas and Mr. Masefield do this is concerned with the policy of full disclosure. They fence about nothing. They know all the answers and—unlike so many other people in high places—they give them frankly and fully. I asked Lord Douglas about those 7,000 trees that are to be felled to make way for the extensions of Gatwick Airport, and I expressed my disapproval of the whole thing. I received the reply that the matter would be looked into, that Lord Douglas himself had not realised that the slaughter of trees would be so large, and that he would see if something could be done to avoid it.

FINANCIAL facts were as freely given as the others. There is going to be a larger loss this year; but the reasons were carefully and convincingly explained. And there is cause to hope that the loss will diminish in future years. Bad news was given as well as good. It was disappointing to hear that the reduction in maintenance work on aircraft instruments that was expected to result from the reduced vibration with turbine engines had not occurred. Maintenance with the turbine-engined aircraft is as high as with the others.

Some correspondents complained that they had not been told before the meeting began that what was said could be reported. They had believed that it was an "off the record" meeting. But the fact is that the conditions were set out in their letters of invitation.

ON the Comet I do not propose to write at length until we have more precise information from those who are investigating the Elba and Naples accidents. But I would like to express my unshaken faith in this aircraft and in its engines. That there has been catastrophic disintegration on three occasions without any satisfactory explanation being advanced is admitted. But the Comet is a pioneer, and must suffer the same risks as all pioneers while it makes the way clear for the many turbojet airliners that will follow it.

B.O.A.C. and Sir Miles Thomas have the sympathy of everybody interested in flying. The blow has indeed been heavy, especially after the courageous and highly successful start of the Comet services. Meanwhile the theories as to what might have happened continue to pile up without seeming to come nearer to anything that fits all the known circumstances. Now that Mr. John Profumo has announced that the work of investigation is to be treated as a major national research, there is every hope that a final and decisive cause will be found.

Wreckage will tell those with the right knowledge and the right equipment almost anything and almost everything about an accident. Farnborough has virtually unlimited resources at its disposal in tracking down the cause of these accidents, and I believe it will succeed.

—Oliver Stewart



Miss Priscilla Mottram acting for George Duncan (centre) and Richard Bull, who played for Rugby

RUGBY WON the Halford Hewitt Cup for public schools golf for the fourth time at Deal, after a tremendous struggle with Wellington. This match concluded fitly one of the best meetings of the series

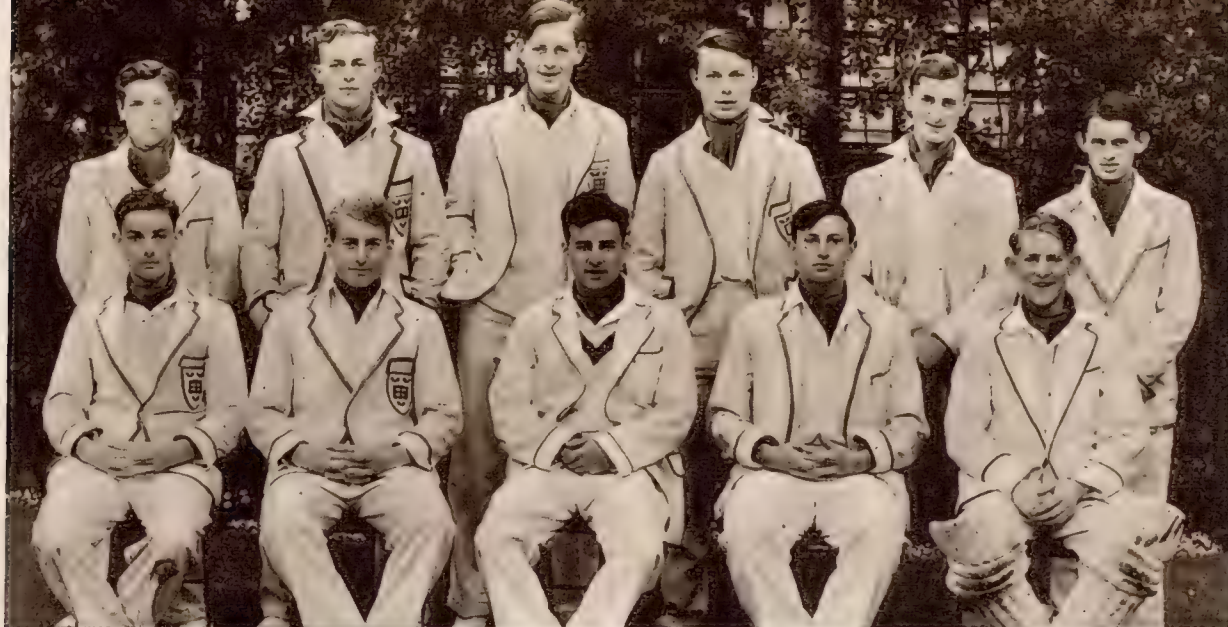


Mr. John Mathews, his father, Mr. J. K. Mathews, and his son, Pat Mathews, all played for Felsted



Mr. T. E. Cunningham, Rugby's non-playing captain, Capt. A. U. Clark and Mrs. J. Pitts, wife of a Rugby player

D. R. Stuart



HAILEYBURY AND I.S.C. AT LORD'S for a public schools match. Back: D. G. E. Lewis Bowen, D. S. Jennings, J. R. Neville, N. H. R. A. Broomfield, R. J. C. Ford, D. L. Stretton-Cox. Front: J. K. P. Wenban, C. R. Smith, D. H. W. Bolton (captain), P. L. B. Woodroffe, D. B. Holden

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

Haileybury, Passport to the Counties

SET amidst unspoilt country, yet within an hour's journey of London, Haileybury takes its name from the ancient Hertfordshire Manor of Hailey. The school is surrounded by heath and woodland. Much of the latter has been

famous cricketing brotherhood, became Headmaster and appointed P. H. Latham as master-in-charge of cricket in 1895.

This post the old Cambridge Blue was to occupy successfully for twenty-seven years. Success came quickly to the school under his coaching, and just after the century began, Haileybury produced some grand sides, including such players as A. F. Spooner (Lancashire), E. S. M. Poyntz, the Somerset all-rounder, and S. M. Toyne, the Hampshire batsman. In the next decade Haileybury cricket continued to flourish, first under Bertram Pawle and then H. D. Hake, who was a hockey and rackets Blue at Cambridge after World War One, before returning to Haileybury as coach.

The best cricketer during the war period was F. J. Seabrook, the Cambridge Blue and Gloucestershire left-hander, another Old Haileyburian to return to take charge of cricket, a position he has recently relinquished after twenty years' splendid service, in favour of A. W. H. Mallett, the Oxford triple Blue and Kent County bowler.

BETWEEN the wars Haileybury cricket reached a very high standard. Two of the best sides were those of 1934, under the captaincy of B. R. Darewski, and 1945, under T. W. Tyrwhitt-Drake. Other notable Haileyburians, in addition to those already mentioned, who were later to distinguish themselves in first-class cricket, include R. J. O. Meyer, that delightful raconteur of cricket yarns, chosen to represent the Gentlemen at Lord's, and captain of Somerset; R. E. H. Hudson, the brilliant Army batsman; F. St. G. Unwin, of Essex; and Alan Fairbairn, who scored two centuries in his first two games for Middlesex, and is now Amateur Squash Rackets champion.

In the "man's game" the Terrace Field has been the scene of many stirring encounters, and the schools played with varying

success over the years have been Dulwich, Merchant Taylors, Bedford, Tonbridge, Harrow and Oundle. Haileybury have turned out many distinguished players from the great Temple Gurdon—capped for England in 1878—downwards, but undoubtedly the outstanding Old Haileyburian is G. V. Stephenson, holder of the record number of international caps, who made no fewer than forty-two appearances for Ireland from 1921 to 1930. Looking back to the beginning of the century, the massive, thrusting centre J. G. G. Birkett played twenty-one times for England.

HAILEYBURY won the Public Schools Sevens in 1944, and six years later again reached the final stage, losing to Rossall by a single point. Like other public schools, the standard of Rugby at Haileybury has improved in the post-war years, a tribute to the excellent coaching of T. C. Cobb, the Master-in-Charge.

Rowing is an alternative to cricket for senior boys, and the School Sailing Club on the River Lee, four miles distant at Broxbourne, attracts the nautical minded.

In the article on Tonbridge School the name of Sir Andrew Judd, not of Sir Rupert De la Bere, should have appeared as six times Master of the Skinners Company.



Past and present cricket coaches at Haileybury: A. W. H. Mallett (Oxford, Kent and England) and his predecessor, F. J. Seabrook (Cambridge and Gloucestershire). Both are Old Haileyburians



The fine classic facade of Big School, Haileybury College

bought by the Old Haileyburian Society, and with the area owned by the school extends to some 400 acres.

Haileybury College was established in 1862. The main building of the school, the quadrangle and terrace front, had originally been built by William Wilkins in 1806 for the East India College, where for the next fifty years Indian Civil Servants were trained. In 1858 the College was closed, and four years later the present school was opened.

The connection between Haileybury and the Imperial Service College may be traced to the appointment in 1874 of a Haileybury house master as the first Headmaster of the United Services College at Westward Ho!, which later moved to Windsor, becoming the Imperial Service College. The amalgamation in 1942 maintains the connections and traditions of both schools.

THE first inter-school match took place in 1866 against Wellington, with which it had much in common both as regards age and military connections, but the story of Haileybury cricket was not very illustrious before Dr. Edward Lyttelton, of the





Italian raffia mules, with high, wedge-heeled platforms of cork, cost £1 19s. 6d. The pure silk kerchief comes from a collection of Hermès squares priced at about £5 10s.



Sun hat of white linen laced-up into a cone shape. Unlaced, it packs as flat as a plate. The price is £1 15s.

Summer Separates

FOR our FASHION CHOICE THIS WEEK we have chosen clothes that are specially suitable for the very young. Simpson's enchantingly pretty summer separates, photographed on the opposite page, consist of a white poplin blouse, with a particularly becoming off-the-shoulder neckline, and an enormously wide skirt, made in a French rayon print that is a Simpson's exclusive. The blouse costs £3 and the skirt 5½ gns. We have also chosen, from the same Piccadilly shop, some amusing accessories that we think should go well with these clothes

— MARIEL DEANS



Still the same blouse but worn this time with trimly tailored blue denim shorts that cost £2 9s. 6d. The visored sun-spectacles, offering protection against a tropical sun, cost 23s.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

Now B. has lost his library book again . . . I comforted myself through the children's mobile but illiterate stages with the thought that everything would be all right once they could read.

In but a few short years, I thought, instead of tunnelling through walls with spoons, gouging out valuable plants, crushing gas radiants to a powder, turning sheets into Red Indian tepees, or, when all else fails, just standing and moaning, these toddling little monsters would be miraculously transformed into civilized, thinking beings content to sit for hours in total silence, absorbing knowledge through the printed word and allowing me to do so, too. Life, in fact, would be revolutionized—nothing would break the blissful quiet, I imagined, except somebody reading out a funny bit and somebody else commenting "Ummm. . ."

WHAT has actually happened is that we have become enslaved not merely to two sets of adult library books which have to be found, moved and changed, but an additional three juvenile ones. Not to these only, for the two younger children borrow books from their school library as well, use E's tickets when he is away at school, take out "extras" whenever these are distributed as holiday bonus, and far too often return home laden with shapeless bags of literature borrowed from other children who have failed to write their names in them.

All books, on entering the house, are at once sat down with and read from cover to cover,



including the advertising bits at the end. Nothing is allowed to interfere with their consumption except food, and even that tends to be postponed with "Oh, can't I finish my chapter?"

ONCE the books are finished, you might think the obvious thing would be to take them back to the library and get different ones. This is, of course, done from time to time, but more usually the books are cast aside in the well-known tradition of old gloves, into some convenient spot such as the kitchen dresser, the hall table, the toy box or the games drawer. From thence they are later extracted by some labouring adult with a curse, and hurled into a bookshelf in some child's bedroom, regardless of the child who by then is

(Continued on page 224)



April Wedding

APRIL, May and June, the three months in the year most favoured by brides, are also three of the loveliest months in the year for a country wedding: so here are four charming bridal gowns photographed on an April day in a Berkshire churchyard and garden to provide ideas for intending brides of May and June. Our grateful thanks go to Moss Bros, of Covent Garden, for the bridegroom's clothes, Daimler Hire for the bridal car and Constance Spry for the charming bouquet of tulips

—MARIEL DEANS



LEFT: Mercia's regal, slipper-satin dress has its wide vee neckline and skirt lavishly embroidered with silver braid and satin flowers. It has a pretty cross-over bodice and the skirt flows into a very short train. The little bonnet, with veil attached, is made of the same material as the dress

ABOVE: This lovely dress of gleaming white broché material has a wide scalloped neckline and a full, beautifully cut skirt. It is made in the workrooms of Bourne & Hollingsworth, who also supplied the pearl-trimmed head-dress and long flowing veil

Continued
overleaf

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

probably wandering round moaning that it hasn't got anything to read.

They then become welded into a caddis-shell of string, stamp mounts, dolls, wheelless model cars, sections of jigsaw puzzle, cactus plants, and broken fountain-pens. Until, weeks later, a child comes into breakfast with a white, stricken face, bearing a cross postcard from the library and screaming in agony, "Mummy, my library books were due back ages ago and I shall have to spend all my pocket money on fines and I've looked *everywhere* and the books have *gone*!"

From then on children wander cloudily round the house picking up odd books and putting them down again with the blindness of hopeless panic, until an adult eye tracks down the volumes and dismisses the child with a homily on a place for everything and everything in its place. This the child, of course, shrugs off with a miraculously calmed smile and the unanswerable information, "Well, I *budget* for library fines when I plan my pocket money!"

OF course, they certainly do absorb knowledge which may perhaps be useful. One or other of them is always coming to me and piping in confiding tones, "Mummy, what we need is eight feet of half-inch oak planking, a new saw, a pound of nails and a plane—it says here that's what you want for a



marvellous toboggan." Or "Mummy, can I have two pounds of demerara sugar, a pound of butter and a good strong saucepan? It says here you can make wizard toffee without bothering Mother if you just follow these simple instructions." Or "Mummy, if you could let me have one of your summer dresses it says here you can make a marvellous cushion-cover out of it if you just cut out the pattern."

The house is bedecked with the fruits of their learning. On all sides we fall over bits of embroidery, and potato prints, and vivaria, and grape pips in pots, and blotters with cardboard ships glued to them.

WHEN people complain to me that their children read nothing but comics I have no sympathy. Comics can at least be swept up and burned. But, of course, nothing so ephemeral would do for my family—assisted by pictures, they would get through the story almost before they had started. . . . At any rate, I simply *must* find B's library books before he has to go back to school—to judge from the terrified expression on his face, some quite indescribable punishment will befall him if not. If I remember rightly, one of them was called *Hints For The Young Potter*. All he needed, he told me, was a few pounds of clay and some paints, and a wheel. And, of course, a small kiln. . . .

— Diana Gillon



.... April
Wedding

HEAVERY white brocade with a dull finish makes this very beautiful dress from Michael Sherard's Budget Collection at Fenwicks, of Bond Street. It has a low-cut square neck and a bell-shaped skirt. Veil and head-dress also come from Fenwicks



The satin l...ds, and the row of s... covered buttons fr... neck to hem, give t... dress, exclusive to Liberty's, that particularly pretty back view that is so important in a wedding gown



Front view of Liberty's exquisite white organdie dress with its wide bertha collar and flowing princess line. The short veil and lily-of-the-valley coronet were specially designed to go with the frock



For the bride, to wear with her wedding dress, these airy fairy stoles from Woollands. Coral pink net cape, trimmed with gold £5 3s. 6d. Black net stole, trimmed with iridescent sequins, price £5 9s. 6d.



SHOPPING

HAPPY THE BRIDE...

... who can count some of these things among her wedding gifts. Useful and decorative, they will add charm to her trousseau, and to her new home

—JEAN CLELAND

LEFT: Party air can be achieved with these lovely Childs Dixon cocktail belts, from Harrods, (approximately) £2 2s. each. Black velvet embroidered in bright silver and sequins, black velvet embroidered in old silver and jewels, black velvet embroidered gold and jewels

RIGHT: Distinctive for his exquisite scent sprays, Marcel Franck recently showed these latest examples of hand-blown Viennese decorated glass, at an exhibition in London. The three shown here cost 45s. each, and are available at Fortnum and Mason or Selfridges





Why not give the bride a few recipes she can keep in her pocket? These Swiss batiste "Cooking" handkerchiefs (hand block printed and with hand rolled hems) are both delightfully decorative and fanciful, and at the same time of sterling worth in the kitchen. Price 7s. 6d. From Selfridges

To take on the honeymoon, these lovely Italian bags of unusual shape. Natural hide (box shape), price 4½ guineas. Lattice bucket bag with bamboo handle, price 7 guineas. Brown calf, fitted with amber clasp, price 4 guineas. From Woollands





BRITISH P.O.W.s OF 1810 preparing to ferry Napoleon across the Meuse, with the assistance of a French military band. This is one of Wetherell's own drawings reproduced in *The Adventures Of John Wetherell* (Michael Joseph, 18s.) an early nineteenth-century chronicle introduced and edited by C. S. Forester

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

The Philosophy Of Good Looks

ON FAIR VANITY, by Betty Page (Convoy Publications, 16s.) is a book for women, which should give no woman reason to blush. The subject, no new one, is dress and beauty—somewhat out of place, it might be supposed, upon this literary page. Yet the volume, I feel, merits comment here because it offers a fair example of the open treatment accorded, in our day, to what were formerly “secrets of the boudoir.”

As to this, at least, we become more civilized—good looks are recognized as a social contribution; the will and desire to make towards them is part of the adjustment to modern life. To the wish to please, to please through the eye, nothing ridiculous attaches: in fact, we take this so much for granted that we only notice the wish when it miscarries.

This new view is backed by its own psychology. For one thing, the once purely feminine topic is now debated with a precise, calm and as-it-were masculine intelligence. Fashion and beauty journalism is as reputable, these days, as any other (indeed, Miss Page herself devotes chapters to these two, as professions).

WHEN I say that *On Fair Vanity* need raise no blush, I mean that this is by no means a book to hide from the most (affectionately) sarcastic of husbands, skittish of younger brothers or ribald of growing sons. All to the good, indeed, if it should reach such hands—for the author, I feel, once for all dispels a long-lingering Victorian fallacy: i.e. that for women the subject of look and looks is a matter of secret and furious competition. Actually—surely?—it cheers no woman up to see another looking a perfect guy; whereas real irritation is in the outburst: “Why on earth can’t X do something about herself?”

Miss Page’s is a doctrine of intelligence. The Bible tells us that no one by taking thought can add an inch to his (or to her) stature: good sense, however, can do much within the limits of the existing frame. Objectivity is what is asked for

here—and, indeed, it is no small requirement: ruthless analysis of one’s character is, in a number of cases, more enjoyable than dispassionate stock-taking as to one’s form and face. “On Looking in the Looking Glass” is, in fact, not the least acute chapter in *On Fair Vanity*. Miss Page also advocates Observation—the part this plays in the formation of dress sense (or, one might almost say, dress philosophy) is not, she feels, always fully grasped. In the main, the value of this book is that it deals less with fashion and beauty-hints than with the state of being and frame of mind which underlie outward appearance. How one looks is, so much, a matter of outlook—upon the world no less than upon oneself.

It would be hard, in writing of this kind, to avoid certain meritorious clichés, such as “good grooming”; nor has Miss Page done so. Here and there, she gives us injunctions already heard—but these cannot, maybe, be heard too often. She is more original when she deals with that vague but very important aura which surrounds, and adds to, a good appearance: personality and what was once called “deportment.” Manners also, rightly, enter her field; and in the chapter “Good Looks and Good Sounds” she handles the delicate matter of voice and laughter—how too often, alas, does illusion flee when the beauty breaks her interesting silence!

“Above all [she pleads], learn to control your laughter. We all know the beautiful woman who ruins our opinion of her the moment she opens her mouth; her laughter is like the braying ass or a good foghorn; it isn’t easy to train laughter but it is possible. If in doubt, teach yourself to smile instead of laughing for, say, three months; then risk laughing gently until the softer tones have become a habit. *Never* titter—the woman who titters is betraying her own lack of self-confidence; her own unsureness. Laugh if you are amused; giggle as little as you possibly can; sometimes it is unavoidable, but make every

effort not to giggle in public over silly little things—but *never* titter. If you are amused, be amused; nothing to be ashamed of in that.

AN overall account of *On Fair Vanity* should point out that Miss Page is half author, otherwise editor. She includes interviews with Madge Garland, “On Learning to Design”; with Norman Hartnell, on “Haute Couture—England”; with Pierre Balmain, on “Haute Couture—France”; with Rosemary Chance, on “Being a Model Girl”; with Margaret Havinden, on “Advertising and Good Looks”; and with other experts on pertinent subjects.

Alison Settle contributes a piece “On Buying”; and has in addition, we learn, taken a general, benevolent interest in this book. For use of some of that artist’s most speaking drawings Miss Page is indebted to Francis Marshall—Miss Page’s own devilish black-and-whites, of a terrifyingly cautionary nature, serve also to illustrate what she says. (Her little tragi-comedy, “Dyspepsia,” is cautionary, too; though this time in prose.) Photographs and diagrams play their part; not the least attraction are “period” fashion-plates drawn from the bygone catalogues of a famous shop.

★ ★ ★

PERSIA IS MY HEART (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) is a vivid and delightful autobiography—author, Najmeh Najafi; not yet twenty-five years old, and now student at an American university. Though not (so far) long, this young woman’s life has been packed with experience and impressions; most of all we are to trace as she writes the emergence of modern social consciousness, with which is coupled a social conscience with regard to her ancient, beloved country. Miss Najafi, though intensely herself in outlook, fresh and ardent in all that she has to say, is a typical daughter of any land in which the emancipation of women is creating—most of all for women themselves—problems.

Within her childhood came the abolition of the veil; long clung to by ladies of good family; well does she remember her elder sister standing, gay and beautiful, in a big lace hat, in the home doorway; trying to nerve herself for the ordeal of going outdoors with uncovered face. Now, she says, “the veil is abolished by law, but I have seen women in the villages take the veil worn over the head between the teeth so as to cover the face if a stranger approaches.”

And much else is at the transition stage. Miss Najafi herself evaded the early (well-nigh child) marriage expected of Persian girls: she opted for higher education, opened a highly successful luxury shop in Teheran, and, having found her feet as a business woman, felt free to set out to learn from the New World. Her pride in and fidelity to Persia shows all that is finest and least aggressive in patriotism.

THEORY does not, however, in any cold sense dominate these enchanting pages: this is a book of remembered happiness, through which runs the adventure of growing up. There is, as in all accounts of childhood, tenderness, to which is added the magic of the surrounding scene. There also are formidable contrasts—glimpses, behind the fair painted curtain, of surviving harshness and arid poverty. Primitive villages, nomad customs, the timeless emptiness of much landscape were not less known to the young girl than Teheran’s elegant urbanities.

Miss Najafi’s is an ancient Persian family; her father, a diplomat, was adviser to the Shah; she herself was raised in the great tradition, and she pictures the social life, the education, the marriages, the death ceremonials of her family’s friends. Obviously, *Persia Is My Heart* is of importance as a Near-Eastern document: to give us an insight into her country has been the author’s desire, and she has realized it.

(Continued on page 232)



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A new hair-style for the bride, by Raymond

of Mayfair—remark that bridal beauty should start right on top of the head. So, after ringing up to fix a time, I went along to see him, and this is what he told me:

If the hair is in need of perming, this should be done *a fortnight before the wedding day*. There will then be time for it to settle down, and to have another shampoo and set.

The problem of very dry hair that seems to go out of curl regrettably soon after it has been set, can be very trying. Here is a good tip for putting it to rights again. Sit in front of a steaming kettle—not too near—and when the hair is just nicely damp, comb it through, then smooth on a little Brill Wax. Now comb it through again, and you will find that it falls softly and easily into its original waves and curls.

HAIR that becomes quickly greasy should be treated in reverse manner. Get the scalp thoroughly hot (wrapping it in a baking hot towel will do the trick), then comb the hair through with an astringent lotion. This has the effect of drying out the oil and making it springy again.

Raymond believes in high-lighting the hair. "This," he said, "is becoming more and more popular, and is no more unnatural than putting rouge on your cheeks, lipstick on your mouth and varnish on your nails. Time was when none of these things were 'done.' Now the majority of women use make-up in varying degrees. If it is acceptable to enhance your appearance by the use of cosmetics, why should it be less so to employ the same skill to cosmetize the hair?" There seems to be no answer to that one. The whole thing is just a matter of personal choice.

RAYMOND's advice to brides who, during their honeymoon, may have to look after their hair: themselves, struck me as particularly helpful. (a) The chief thing is to have it really expertly cut. Only when this has been done can it hope to retain its shape. (b) When the hairdresser combs or brushes it through, get him to show you just how this is done, so that when you do it for yourself, you can follow the same direction. (c) To keep it in place, pin it up into pin curls (these can be fairly big), and pinch the waves into place before having the early morning bath. While in the bath, the steam will penetrate the curls, and if these are left in until dressing is complete, they will have had plenty of time to set.

Lastly, choose a style that you will be able to manage yourself.

I asked Raymond if he could give me some idea of the kind of style he had in mind, and he said, "I will design one specially for The TATLER. That can be my little gift to the brides."

And a very nice, one too. Don't you agree?

—Jean Cleland

"THERE is something prettier about a wedding gown than any other gown in the world." This was written by a man, and how true it is. True, too, a remark made to me by another man, that all brides look beautiful. Not surprising, since they reflect the radiance created by the greatest magic of all time—happiness.

Thinking of this, I recalled hearing one of the greatest authorities on hair—Raymond



LINDSAY-WATSON—BERKELEY

At St. Simon Zelotes Church, Cadogan Square, Mr. M. Lindsay-Watson, son of Cdr. W. A. Lindsay-Watson, R.N., Castle-Douglas, and Mrs. E. Lindsay-Watson, of Harrington Gardens, S.W.7, married Miss F. P. Berkeley, daughter of the late Capt. Reginald Berkeley, M.C., M.P., and of Mrs. J. A. Tinne



BURTON—GREAVES

The wedding took place recently at the Church of St. Michael, Chester Square, London, S.W.1, of Dr. Peter M. Burton, son of Air/Cdre. H. L. Burton, R.A.F. (retd.), and Mrs. H. L. Burton, of Mevagissey, Cornwall, and Miss Rachel Greaves, daughter of Mrs. F. W. Greaves, of Ottawa, Canada, and the late Dr. Greaves

THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



OULTON—GRAHAM

Mr. Harry C. N. Maxwell Oulton, M.C., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Oulton, of Killard, Nanyuki, Kenya, married Miss Angela Graham, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Sinclair-Lockhart, and stepdaughter of Major J. B. Sinclair-Lockhart, of Molo, Kenya, at St. George's Church, Nanyuki



KERMODE—WHITTAKER

Mr. Brian P. Kermode, son of Sir Derwent Kermode, Ambassador-Designate to Czechoslovakia, and Lady Kermode, of Ditchling, Sussex, married Miss Shirley M. Whittaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Whittaker, of Foulridge, near Colne, Lancs, at the Albert Road Methodist Church, Colne



HICKS—BURGESS

Mr. Richard M. Hicks, of Waverton Street, W.1, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hicks, of Cisswood, Lower Beeding, Sussex, married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge Miss Joan Burgess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Burgess, of York Avenue, S.W.14



CHRISTIAN—BARFORD

The wedding took place at Crown Court Church, Covent Garden, of Lt.-Col. John Monsell Christian, M.C., son of the late Admiral A. H. Christian and Mrs. Christian, and Miss Catherine Barford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Barford, of Grantham, Lincs

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Book Reviews (Continuing from page 228)

THE MITTEN SINISTER

DEATH OF AN INTRUDER, by Nedra Tyre (Collins, 8s. 6d.), is one of the best psychological horror stories I have read for years. Its chill effect is enhanced by a cosy setting—we are confronted by the confirmed resolve of a gentle spinster, Miss Allison, to murder a fellow-spinster, Miss Withers. And why? Miss Withers has walked in—uninvited, in fact hitherto unknown—to Miss Allison's small and beloved house. Miss Withers has moved her belongings in, taken up her abode, and refuses to leave again. Simply that, no more: but what an inferno! This book will get you under the skin if you have ever—during a war or at any time—shared close quarters with an enforced companion. It will unmistakably ring a bell in those for whom outraged privacy is torment, or who attach dear value to small possessions, or who dread interference in private life.

MISS ALLISON's little home—a Regency cottage in a quiet corner of a provincial town—is not only her sole love; it has been the realization of lifelong dreams. Bought and furnished out of a legacy from an aunt, it represents for her self-expression. Miss Withers, however, without delay has set about altering all that. . . . Is it really possible, one may ask, that against the outrages we are shown there can be no remedy but murder? Can only bloodshed dislodge Miss Withers? The author makes our poor lady's predicament only too possible, if not probable: convincingly, she has built up a set of circumstances under which this monstrous thing could happen!

For the portrait of Miss Withers, it should be said, *Death Of An Intruder* deserves laurels. Miss Withers, maintaining a playful monologue, night after night, while she cheats at patience; Miss Withers occupying the bathroom; Miss Withers dishing up dainty suppers. . . . Whether the murder does or does not take place, comparatively speaking, is immaterial: actually, the contrived end of this story is not so good as the rest. The point is, here is a tale of two women so told as to make one reach for one's gun.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE first gramophone recording of Sally Barnes, one of London's newest and most youthful leading ladies, has recently been released. Until a few months ago Miss Barnes was quite unknown, though when her chance came she seized it with both hands, knowing that she was thoroughly well equipped to do so.

She sings "You'll Be Lucky," from the show of that name in which she is now appearing, but there is a curious staccato about the way she puts it over which I believe she should try to overcome, because though obviously she has charm and a certain tender freshness, this is very nearly swamped. For some reason she alone can explain she has chosen to couple her first song with "The Best Things In Life Are Free," which is declaimed with such slowness as to be practically soporific.

Here is an example of someone who I am sure is sincere, putting sincerity to a test that almost becomes ridiculous. Yet I hope that in the course of time Sally Barnes will eventually occupy that niche as a recording artist that is waiting to be filled. (Philips P.B.247.)

Robert Tredinnick

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SIX THOUSAND FEET UP above Innsbrück Mrs. Angela Steele and her son were exploring the mountainside. They were en route to Tripoli. Mrs. Steele is the daughter of Lt.-Col. H. C. Scott, of York



AMONG THE BANANA TREES of their garden near Rangoon is Mrs. Watt and her children Mary and James. Major A. J. M. Watt, R.A., is a member of the British Service's Mission to Burma



WITH HIS DOG TUG is Peter Crosse, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Crosse, of Ilkley, Yorks. He is grandson of the late Archdeacon Crosse, of Chesterfield



WE WELCOME HERE family snapshots submitted by readers, which we are confident will have an appeal to a wider circle of friends. The Editor is always pleased to see further contributions



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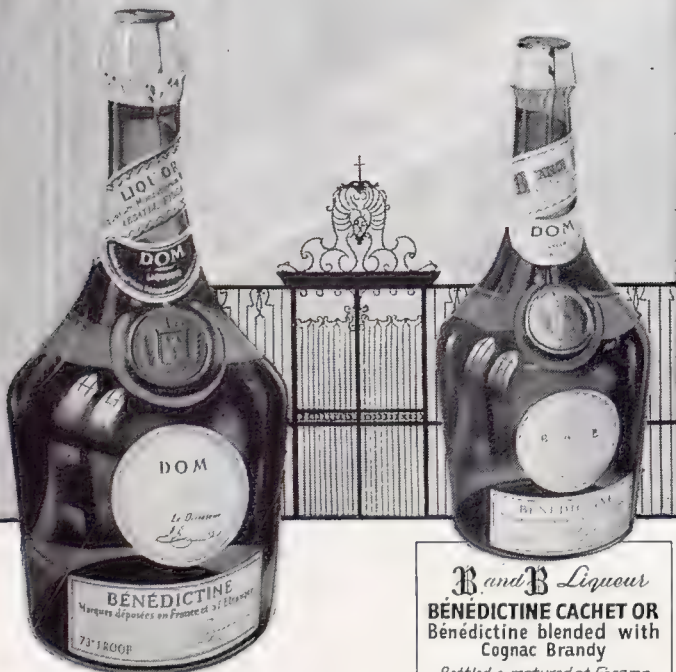
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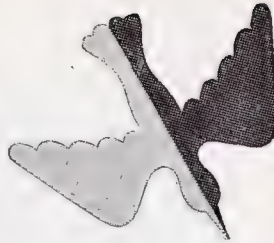
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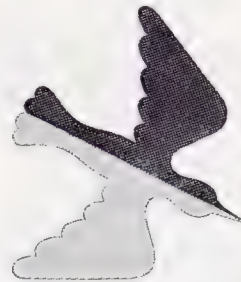
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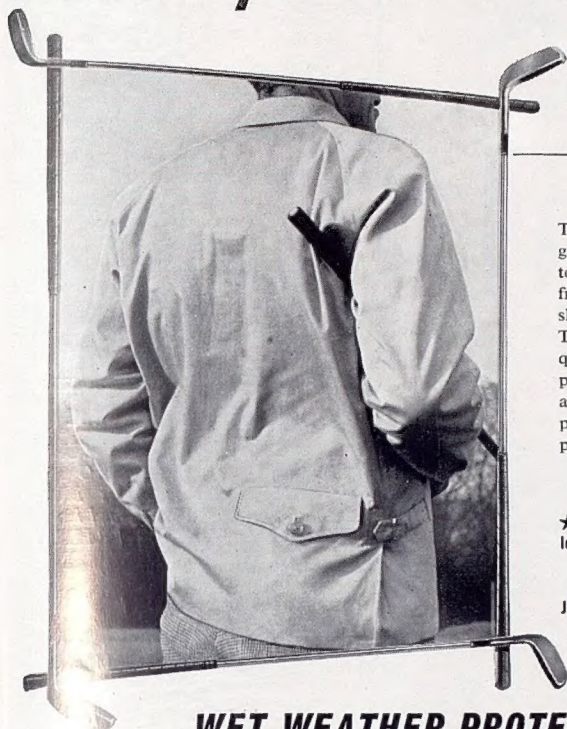
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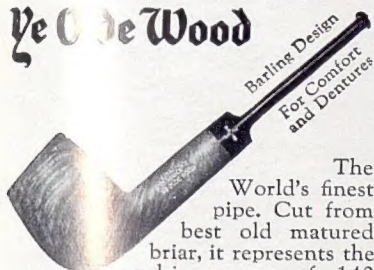
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